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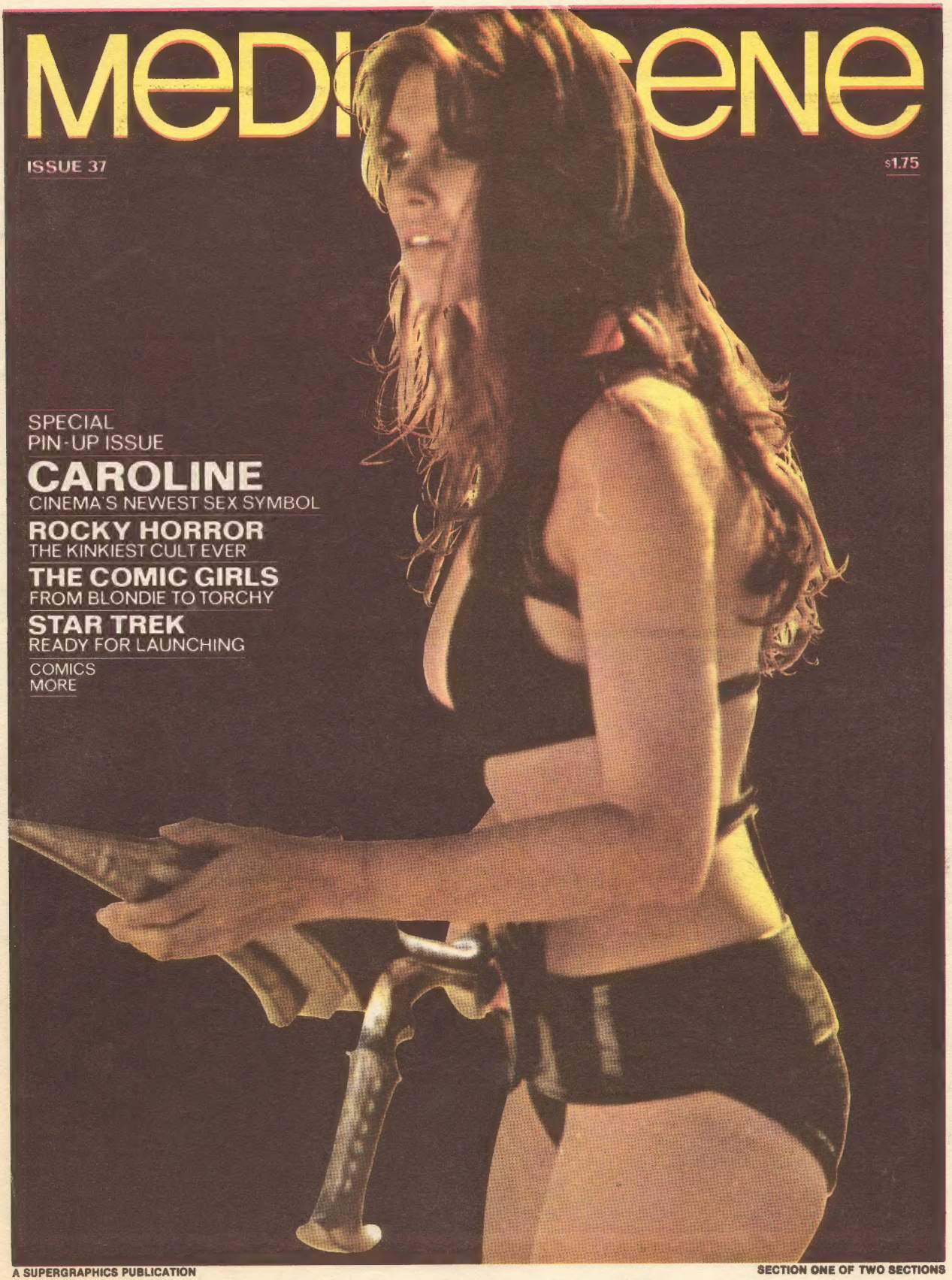

SPECIAL
PIN-UP ISSUE

CAROLINE
CINEMA'S NEWEST SEX SYMBOL

ROCKY HORROR
THE KINKIEST CULT EVER

THE COMIC GIRLS
FROM BLONDIE TO TORCHY

STAR TREK
READY FOR LAUNCHING

COMICS
MORE

A SUPERGRAPHICS PUBLICATION

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MEDIASCENE

Several weeks ago I went back to school at the invitation of my good friend, Harry "A" Chesler, who many of you might remember as the publisher of a host of Golden Age comic books such as **Dynamic, Major Victory** and **Punch.**

The occasion was a graduation ceremony, and the class was from The Joe Kubert School of Cartoon Art. Of the near one hundred students that attend the institution on one level or another, seventeen were about to receive their diplomas.

The air was thick and rich with excitement as the once-in-a-lifetime moment approached. Their names were called, and the young artists responded, their faces bright with the knowledge that school was out, childhood had officially ended. Careers were about to begin.

I knew the feeling, relived it with them. Aside of me, Harry Chesler watched the parade of eager talent pass by, surveying it in much the same way he undoubtedly had done over forty years ago when he was one of the men who created and shaped the comic business. The students were aware, too, that they would be carrying on a tradition that was almost a half century old. Their awkward self-confidence and playful arrogance was pleasant to see. They'd need both to stay on their chosen course.

I placed myself somewhere in the middle of the two extremes, and secretly adopted their commencement for the one I never had. Then again, I never felt I needed one—or was that simply the justification of a street-wise philosophy?

Their swagger and spirit took me back to the time when I was in a similiar position. I was seventeen. I hadn't yet graduated from high school due to a peculiar circumstance. It wasn't that I was expelled, they just didn't *let me back in school* one day. Doing my best to keep out of trouble, but not being too successful at it, I found myself spending time at the YMCA. This particular morning, right in the middle of a weight-lifting routine, one of the local street corner athletes happened to mention the fact that a new newspaper was in the process of establishing a full-scale operation just a few blocks away.

The editors of other papers in the city had given me the "keep practicing, kid!" routine for years, but what did *they* know? Here was a new outfit that was seeking out fresh blood—and mine was as fresh as *any* they would find. I phoned to make an appointment and apply for the position of staff artist. The girl who answered the switchboard recognized my voice (we had worked together a year or two earlier in one of my magic illusion acts). She said I was too late, that the job had just been filled. I had her connect me with the artist. *He* told me the job had just been filled.

The conversation ended at that point. But not the idea. I broke the routine, showered, went home and hastily assembled a portfolio of my art. Within the hour I was in the newspaper's offices confronting their staff artist. "I told you we have no place for you here!" he said. I dropped my portfolio on his desk. "How do you know? You haven't even *seen* my work yet!!"

He looked at me, shook his head, laughed.

And he hired me.

He never even looked at my work. He just said that anyone that wanted to get into the art business *that badly* was going to do it one way of another, and it might as well have been then.

I assisted him for about three years during which I learned the foundation of the advertising art business. That was my school, and I graduated when I walked out of the situation.

Then I retired for a few years on the money I had earned.

Retired, yes. Stopped working, no.

During this period I began developing new ideas that would eventually blossom into parallel careers. I began to apply the things I had learned in my apprenticeship. One of them was: be so proficient at what you do that no one can afford not to hire you—*just to keep you away from the competition.* It was the standard I aimed for in my work. It still is.

I had learned that success depended on more than just talent; there were a score of other factors involved—timing, luck, opportunity. But one was infinitely more important than the others. Determination. And that was something I was born with. In a way, it's like imagination—it *can't* be taught; it can only be *developed.* Call it self-control, tenacity, discipline, it's all the same—and it's as critical to an artist as his eyes. Especially a commercial artist who works in a competitive field.

While polishing my ideas and my philosophy, I padded my bankbook by painting signs. I had only one steady account, a grocery chain that required about twenty-five new signs a week. It took an evening to produce them.

As money began to run out, and boredom began to set in, I decided to go back to work, and again turned to commercial art. It was almost an on-the-spot resolution. I scanned a phone book, found the nearest printer, culled some samples of my work and simply walked in off the street.

In my experience I had learned that printers can always use reliable help. This one was no different. There *was* a spot for me, but we couldn't come to terms financially until suitable determination was applied. My final offer was irresistible, "Put me on for a week. If I *don't* make $150 for you within that time, you owe me nothing. If I *do,* start me at a salary of $75 a week."

I worked there for four years.

During that time, I learned most of what I know about printing and reproduction processes, type composition, camera work, platemaking, binding and dozens of other techniques that has given me an edge over my competition for the last decade or two. There's nothing like learning on the job; it's like going to school and getting paid for it too.

When I had gone as far as I could in that operation, I bowed out. I was ready for something new, perhaps a public relations position. I was on talking terms with one PR counsellor I had gotten to know through his business with the printer. What I didn't know then about PR men is that they're *never* in their offices—and five visits produced nothing. I played pool a lot during the day, and made music at night with a endless string of rock bands. Then a peculiar thing happened: I *received* a call from the PR man. He had been trying to reach *me* for weeks, but could never catch me (probably because I was trying to find him!). Without knowing I had been attempting to offer my services to him, he came up with a similiar proposal. Was I interested in the position of art director for a new advertising agency he was establishing? The coincidence almost raised the hair on the back of my neck. To refuse would have been throwing all reason in the face of fate.

The opportunities were greater than ever before. So were the responsibilities. I accepted and subsequently turned out some of the finest work I have ever done. Four years later, I was out seeking other directions in which to channel my efforts. One direction was film animation.

Another was the comics.

Almost by accident, I created a handful of superheroes for Harvey in the mid-60s. They liked my writing, but not my art. I went elsewhere and developed a complete book for Tower. They rejected it, and I was back on the street. Archie Comics wanted me to design their superhero covers. Murray Boltinoff asked me to write for him at DC. But I was determined to make my own deal, and wound up in Stan Lee's office at Marvel. Remember what I said about being so good they can't afford *not* to hire you? They were almost Stan's very words. What he said was: "Your work is primitive but exciting, Steranko! You're *too good* to let get away! What book do *you* want to do for us?"

It was as easy as that. The rest is history.

After comics, came paperback book covers.

Then Supergraphics, **The History of Comics** and **MEDIASCENE.**

What's ahead? It would only be a guess, just as it is for the seventeen graduates of the Kubert School. My immediate hope was that they had learned the lesson of determination, the discipline that would keep them alive during the struggle ahead. During the graduation dinner, I discovered some had already found a market for their skills—in animation, in advertising, yes, and even in comics.

The future would be safe. The good guys would win.

The graduation dinner was over, and the camaraderie of the past few years would soon diminish under the weight of the adventures that were ahead. The parking lot began to empty as the last grins flashed their goodbyes.

See you, Joe.

Take care, Muriel.

Good night, Harry.●

STERANKO

ALIEN ACTIVITY

I enjoyed **MEDIASCENE** 35, in particular, Mr. Steranko's comments in the editorial on limited perception; it appears that he anticipated some of the questions I had hoped to ask him concerning his view of his role as educators. Similarly, he anticipated some of the things I wanted to know about his announced retirement. It was nice to see the letters column reinstated. As for your **Alien** feature, it was highly enjoyable, and more readable than the **A. F. I. Journal's** coverage. The film was recently previewed here; I didn't have the opportunity to go myself, but those I know who did, alluded to **MEDIASCENE's** coverage in comparison. Very nice issue.

Gerald Brown
Freeburg IL

***Alien** has just established an all-time box office record for its opening week—something we're very pleased to report. We may even have had a little bit to do with that fact. To date, **MEDIASCENE** has still featured the biggest and best coverage of the film—in addition to doing it first.*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

I would like to echo Dan Recchia's comments **(MEDIASCENE** 35) regarding the problem of science fiction films not reaching the expectations of their writeups. My first knowledge of **Battlestar: Galactica** came through the excellent articles in this magazine, yet I felt that the actual production lacked the atmosphere and professional quality which was presented within the pages and illustrations. I don't want to pull out the cliche of "something being lost in the translation," but I fail to see how the creators' ideas managed to get diluted onto the film. It cannot all be the fault of the network executives, and similar philistines. Or can it?

Anyway, I reiterate that **MEDIASCENE's** pre-show articles often exceed the realities of the production itself (now, if we can only convince you people to go into the movie business). I only hope that **Alien** becomes exception to Recchia's observation.

Keep **MEDIASCENE** going. . . please.

Michael J. Wolff
Houston TX

***Just in case you haven't seen Alien** yet, our unofficial man-on-the-street offers his views next.*

THE RECCHIA REVIEW

I saw **Alien** this afternoon—twice—and I'm just bowled over by it. The **MEDIASCENE** spread, for a change, only gave a foretaste of a film turned out to be completely satisfying on every level, as opposed to the spreads on the god-awful Glen Larson/Universal TV movies that are all hardware and no more. I appreciate having the **MEDIASCENE** spread to look back on after seeing the film. You're going to have to run pictures of the alien itself now, you know that. I'm going to bug you til you do.

You're absolutely correct about paperback illustrators using that "Frazetta/Glaser" approach, particularly many of the artists in that book **Tomorrow and Beyond**—of the ones you mentioned, I think Bob Pepper, Wilson McLean and Don Punchatz come the closest. Why hasn't Byron Preiss used any of the illustrators in that book for any of his publications?

Your editorial got me thinking which films I've always wanted to see. I'm sure that there are many things I don't even know of that I'd love—like I absolutely flipped over **The Third Man** when I first saw it only a few years ago; same goes for **Mickey One.** How about the Gerry Anderson puppet series **The Secret Service** or the Honor Blackman **Avenger** episodes. There's film titled **The Light Fantastic** about a sinister dancing school that I really want to see only because it stars Jean Shepherd, the only film he ever made to my knowledge. Also the two films that Lenny Bruce did back in the fifties, **Dance Hall Racket** and I forget the other one. Some TV shows I'd love to see again: **Way Out,** which to me was easily the most frightening series ever on TV, and the 1959 British series **The Invisible Man.** I miss the half-hour anthology shows that television used to do so well, like **Twilight Zone.** If anything, they were not as visually oriented as television and films are today because of budgets, and therefore had to rely on the script and direction to convey mood—very theater-oriented if you think about it. The current trend towards twelve-hour mini-series and very involved production is all done in regards to visual entertainment, and I have to say that I do miss the low-budget half-hour TV shows of the past very much. Comedy on television today remains locked in the half-hour low-budget videotape format and possibly it's time for a reversal, with the dramatic shows being produced like **All in the Family** and the comedy shows produced like **Centennial.** It's thought (shut up, Recchia).

Dan Recchia
Mamaroneck NY

Videotape and syndicated reruns make viewing at least some of the oldies but goodies possible. Hopefully, the people who organize comic conventions will take your suggestions to heart when planning their film programs. We wouldn't mind seeing the old **Avengers** ourselves. Would anyone out their be interested in a listing of films that have influenced today's professional artists? We made such a list years ago, and might consider an annontated breakdown if response was favorable. Incidentally, the hardbound **Illustrated Ellison** did feature two tipped-in plates by Don Punchatz that were a real delight.

WELL, NOBODY'S PERFECT

In response to the critics of your publication, I'd just like to say that I, for one, appreciate **MEDIASCENE** for what it *is.* It's pretty to look at, it lets me in on the best in graphic art, portfolios and films before anybody else and it presents me with fascinating, priceless backstage looks at the comic and film industries.

As for you, Jim, I'll admit that you're offensive at times and can be egotistical, petty and haughty. But you have character, son, you're like nobody else I know and that individuality extends itself into **MEDIASCENE.**

Robert Loren Fleming
Brockport NY

Thanks, Bob. We've been trying to correct our faults. Just last week we were thinking of taking modesty lessons from Neal Adams.

MEDIA MAIL

EXPANDED PERCEPTION

I've been with you since the first issue of **COMIXSCENE.** What really prompted this letter was your editorial in **MEDIASCENE** 35. I agree with you 100%. Having taken several art history and art appreciation courses in my college days is one of the best things I ever did. It helped me to perceive a lot of beautiful things. I just hope your editorial will open the eyes of others in fandom.

Dave Scott
Marion OH 43302

We were surprised and gratified by the mail that came in from our Limited Perception *editorials. If there's enough interest, we'd consider expanding the ideas and running them with appropriate visual material.*

MANNING DOESN'T SWING

Very interesting Russ Manning interview. I hadn't even known there was a **Star Wars** strip until this article, but I took a look and, lo and behold, there it was in the *Philly Bulletin.* An intriguing look at how the whole thing was conceptualized and put into production.

Garrett Hayner
Newtown Square PA

*According to our grapevine, Manning has left the **Tarzan** strip to devote his full attention to **Star Wars,** and, if there's a comic novelization of **The Empire Strikes Back,** it's our guess he'll get first crack at it.*

WOULD YOU BELIEVE...ESP?

I enjoyed the article on Shogun Warriors, particularly because it touched on many Japanese series which I've been long wanting to get information on. **Fantastic 8th Man,** for example, I consider one of the finest cartoons ever produced for television, due to the nature of the stories. 8th Man was perhaps the only cartoon hero from the 60s I could remember who never intentionally killed or destroyed—often, witnessing the death of a villain, he would remorse the fact that ANY lives were lost.

I've just read Don McGregor's and Paul Gulacy's **Sabre.** The character/nemesis of Blackstar surely looks awful familiar!! (Tall, dark & handsome—eyepatch. . .and that name sounds like it might have belonged to a magician!) I knew Gulacy had a thing about making his characters resemble movie and television personalities, but this was something else!

The *Comixscene* portion is always exciting for me—you seem to have more information about upcoming projects than the companies themselves! How about an occasional article on an outstanding series? I know a magazine like **FOOM** already has these kind of things, but I think it'd be interesting to see an outsider's viewpoint.

Henry R. Kujawa
Camden NJ

*Several months ago, during a conversation with John Buscema, he told us he was amazed to read an item in **MEDIASCENE** regarding a decision he had made about a future comic project—he had made the decision just* the day before the issue arrived. *Let's see our competition top that!*

THE TWO-YEAR ITCH

I've read two interviews with you recently in fanzines and I don't care how much you would rather do **MEDIASCENE.** I really miss your stories, and now I see that I won't even have a painting every so often to look at. If there was someone to take your place the way the Adams' clones have filled the gap for him, it wouldn't be such a pain to buy ten or twenty comics at a time knowing there is nothing but run of the mill hey-yo Marvel stuff. Gulacy isn't too bad, but he doesn't write nor has he attempted to break out of the usual panel/page concept. I hope that SUPERGRAPHICS and Byron Preiss can produce books along the lines of **Chandler, The Illustrated Zelazny,** and **The Illustrated Harlan Ellison**—and get them out more than once every two years.

Joe Jacouzzi
Fairfield CT

*Joe, believe us when we say that our retirement is only from the commercial field, and will make more time for things like future volumes of **The History of Comics** and other projects including visual novels to be produced. And even if those are only every two years, it's still better than nothing, don't you think?*

SHOW AND TELL

I have been following your feature, *Breaking into Comics,* and I find that I am learning a tremendous amount about the field from it. The picture you paint makes the profession seem rather bleak. At any rate, your words have helped me prepare for the hardships that are yet to come.

I hope you were as happy with the outcome of your show at the Winnipeg Art Gallery as the people who came to see it were. It is about time the public was made aware of the work that is involved in producing an illustrated story. Your show is another step closer to that goal. A beginning, hopefully.

Vern Andrusiek
Vancouver BC

*The **Steranko: Graphic Narrative** show opened at the Winnipeg Gallery exactly a year ago. To our knowledge, it is the biggest one-man comic art exhibition ever assembled [300 originals]—and perhaps and only museum show of it kind produced anywhere. It is booked to travel throughout Canada until 1980, and will hopefully tour the States afterward. We've been planning a feature on the show for quite a while. Maybe now's the right time.*

BESTER'S BEST

Thank you so much for a most impressive and outrageously flattering interview in **MEDIASCENE.** You know, it's the damndest thing; as I said, one just tries to write the best story that one can, and who so surprised as *je* to discover that it's turned into a goddam classic. It's also embarrassing.

Every young writer (and I was young once) dreams of producing a classic but he always imagines that it will be the Finger of God touching him on the brow, with music by Scriabin. . .not just the hard everyday work of meeting a tough deadline.

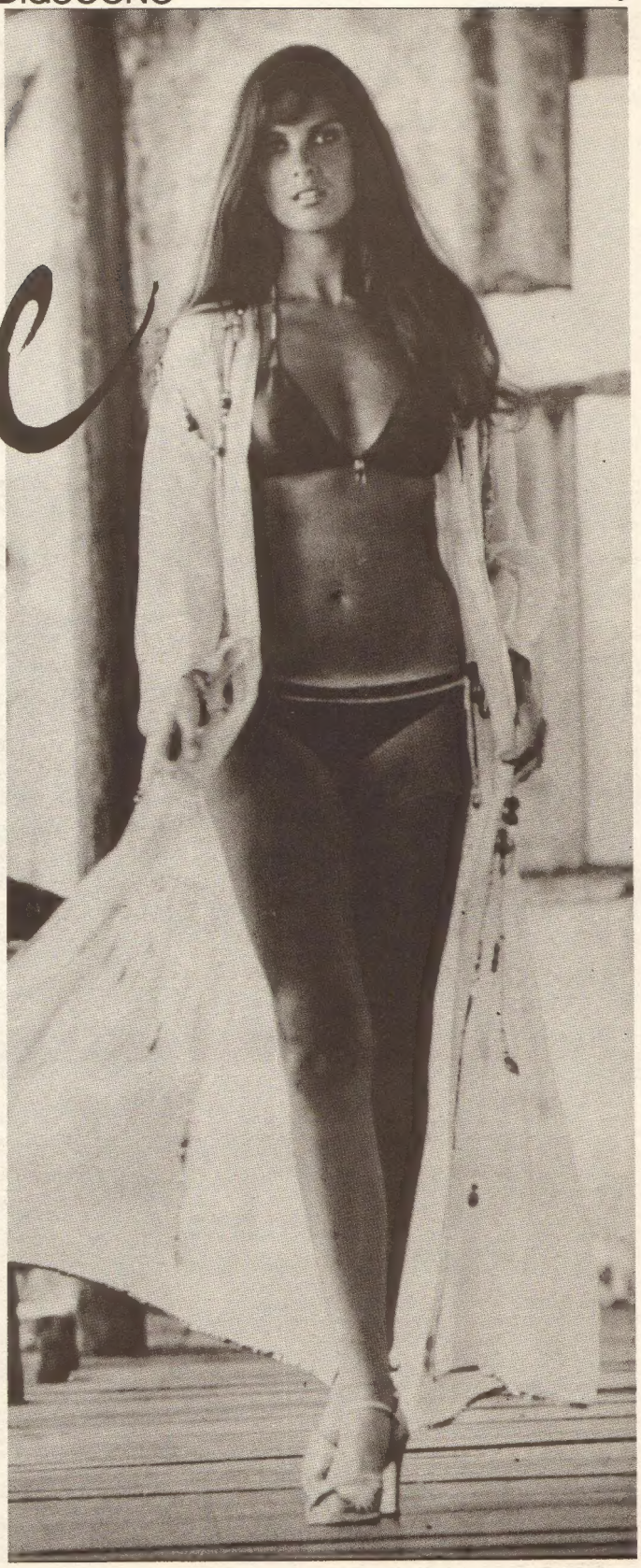
All the same, my appreciation and deep thanks.

Alfred Bester
New York City

We agree completely—except the appreciation and thanks is all ours.

About four years ago, we published an All-Girl issue of **MEDIASCENE** which has been a constant seller from our back number inventory. It's taken this long to do it again, but we're making up for it by producing a two-part special. Next issue will complete Steranko's analysis of *The Comic Girls* (which was condensed from a chapter in his third, and as yet unpublished, volume of **The History of Comics**), revive *The Pulp Heroines,* and preview a new SF/sex fantasy. Stay with us.●

Dear Eroline



Over the years the movies have had an ample and almost endless parade of girls and godesses, dames and dollies, models, madams and madonnas slinking across the silver screen. They left their mark in the cement on Hollywood Boulevard in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre—and in the hearts of the American male animal who idolized, adored and, yes, even worshipped them. Some were as petite as hummingbirds, while others put the cleave back into cleavage. The screen grew from a standard square to Cinemascope to Panavision in an attempt to capture their double features. A few of them did their best to cover up their charms. Some of them turned their films into peep shows. Others simply damned the critics and took it *all* off for the sake of art. They had names like Rita, Lana, Marilyn, Brigitte, Gina, Kim, Sophia, Liz, Elke and Raquel—and could turn he-men into jellyfish or milquetoasts into balls of fire. And so, we come to you, an impossible combination of all of them: sweet but sexy, demure yet dangerous, beautiful and believable at the same time. You've made us *forget* the others by becoming a fantasy girl of the 70s.

Who knows what the 80s will bring?

She may not be one of the great film actresses of all time, but she does have a fanatic following of moviegoers. She was educated in a convent, but has based an entire career on sexy, cheesecake charm and an infinite variety of skimpy swimsuits. She's a model turned movie star whose screen presence seems to be centered on long legs, deep cleavage, large green eyes and a sultry eroticism—yet she protests; "I'm basically quite ordinary and rather shy."

Caroline Munro is the closest thing modern movies have to a pin-up queen—a status position she has enjoyed for almost ten years. Her career-mold appears to have been cast around a long-running series of calendar photos posed for **Lamb's Navy Rum** of England. Although she decorates only a month or two in each calendar, Caroline has created a sensation by displaying a provocative amount of flesh

Caroline's career began at the very top of the modeling world, on the cover of **Vogue** magazine, in 1967—she was 17 years old, and had just enrolled in a modeling school to acquire poise. Since then, her advertising commitments have never slowed down, extending from a multitude of magazine covers, television commercials and even 24-sheet billboard posters. Most assignments are for the European market, allowing her to travel, projecting her face and figure throughout Germany, France, Switzerland, Spain and the West Indies. American fans were overjoyed last year when **Noxema Shave Creme** hired her to do a pair of TV commercials which promoted the sensual rewards inherent in their product.

Caroline's career in films began shortly after her modeling debut, with a silent bit-part in **Casino Royale.** Her next appearance, in a film titled **Where's Jack?**, was another wordless walk-on, but the producers saw the wisdom of including a photo of Caroline in a bikini as part of their press kit.

Finally, in **A Talent For Loving,** she was called upon to deliver lines. A light, comedy western, the film was an entertaining showcase for Caroline's budding abilities, and, it introduced her to her co-actor and soon-to-be husband, Judd Hamilton.

From 1970 to 1977 Caroline spent a great deal of time in horror and fantasy films like **The Abominable Dr. Phibes** and its sequel; **Dracula AD 1972, Captain Kronos, The Golden Voyage of Sinbad, I Don't Want to be Born** and **At the Earth's Core.** She also did a guest appearance in one episode of TV's **New Avengers.** All of the roles capitalized on her sexual presence to bridge the gaps between death plots and subsequent murders.

The Spy Who Loved Me finally provided Caroline with a big-budget, pre-sold world-wide vehicle in 1977. She was featured in a part that allowed her more acting latitude than she had in any three previous films, but was careful to keep her costume smaller than a handkerchief.

Starcrash, currently in release, is a breakthrough project for Caroline, because it features her in the leading role as a ray-gun toting space pilot decked out in a variety of scanty leather and skin-tight vinyl costumes.

In **Starcrash,** Caroline plays Stella Star, a free-flying privateer in space, who is first seen on a smuggling run, trying to ditch an Imperial Police patrol. Finally captured and transported to a hard labor camp, Stella attempts to escape, but is recaptured and immediately released, providing she agrees to try to rescue the Emperor's son from the scheming Count Zarth Arn. Through trials by combat and some of the wildest escapes this side of Andromeda, Stella races seductively to a climactic death duel and a doubly explosive nuclear finish.

In many ways **Starcrash** provides the ultimate showcase for the Caroline mystique. The role and the situations, along with the variety of revealing uniforms, are representative of the image that she projects, one which has become her trademark.

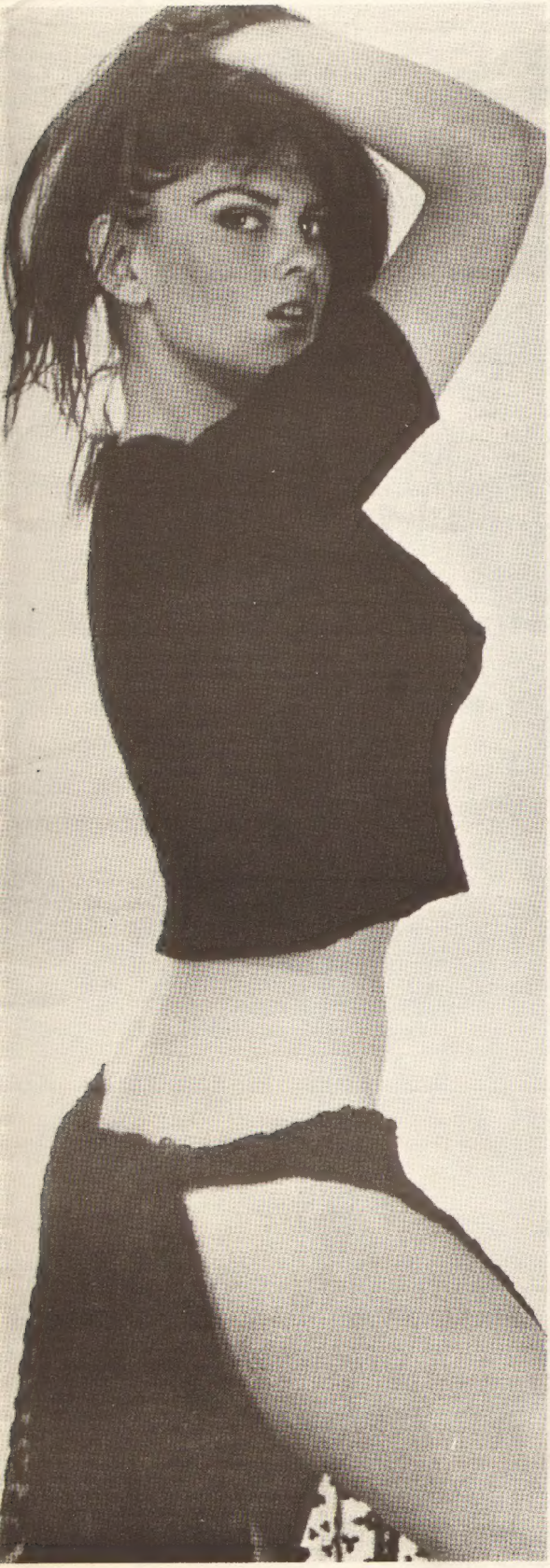
Part of Caroline's appeal is that she always remains at least *partially* clothed—teasing the audience and letting their imaginations do the rest. This is a deliberate move on her part, arising out of genuine modesty, and insured by a no-nudity clause in her contracts. Regrettably, this position has cost her more than a few choice roles, but it has provided cheesecake collectors with literally hundreds of tantalizing photos of their dream-girl in form-fitting costumes, bikinis, diaphanous gowns, hot pants, leather boots, silk stockings, low-cut dresses and whatever Frederick's of Hollywood can envision.

Another attraction for Caroline's fan is that she is often openly aggressive—a feminist's (or masochist's) delight. She usually portrays a tough, fearless, athletic, smouldering symbol of sensuality, gripping a knife or spear, with an inviting, yet challenging, smile. The overtures to the bondage-minded are as unmistakable as they are pleasing to watch.

Now that **Starcrash** has rocketed her into full-fledged stardom, Caroline is waiting to see if she will be called upon to break out of the ten year-long fantasy film rut and into major movies. Her no-nudity clause has already led her to turn down a part in Joan Collins' **The Bitch,** sequel to last year's **The Stud,** yet there are always the many modeling assignments outside films to keep her busy.

Meanwhile, her fans around the world will continue to hunt out the Caroline clippings in obscure movie magazines, the never-published stills found on discarded contact sheets, calendars, paperback covers, cigar ads and billboards. And for real fanatics, there's even a life-size (5' 7") cardboard standee.

Just don't ask what they plan to do with all these manifestations of Carolinemania—the answer might just make the shy and innocent Ms. Munro blush with embarassment.●



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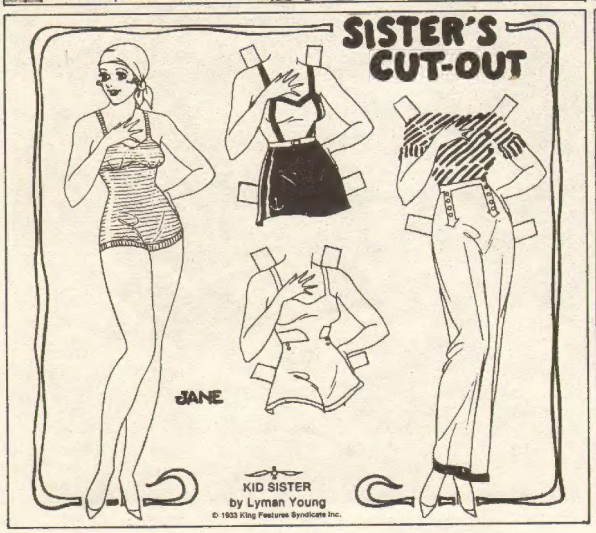
SISTER'S
CUT-OUT
JANE
KID SISTER
by Lyman Young
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THE COMIC GIRLS PART ONE

THE FOUR-COLOR FEMALES FROM BLONDIE TO SONJA

ABRIDGED FROM THE STERANKO HISTORY OF COMICS

Call it fatal fascination.

Call it sex appeal.

Call it whatever you like—it's been in the comics from the very beginning. Whether out of inspiration, perspiration or just plain frustration, the female of the species has captured the attentions of cartoonists and caricaturists since Adam took the first bite of Eve's apple.

From the earliest forms of illustrated fiction, newspaper strips and gag panels to comic books, undergrounds and graphic novels, artists have explored the virtues and vices of the human condition through female characters: consider the humor of Blondie, the drama of Abbie and Slats, the romance of Brenda Starr, the benevolence of Mary Worth, the sensuality of Torchy, the fantasy of Barbarella, the violence of Red Sonja.

Many of them have been so popular and enduring that they have made their way into the mainstream of American mythology. Some of their creators have been launched to national prominence through their visualizations of women while others of equal skill and insight have been forgotten in the shadows of obscure comic history. Collectively, their art, much like films and other forms of popular fiction, has been shaped by the society it portrays—and, in turn, has been instrumental in shaping society through the impact of its recognition and repetition.

It was hardly a coincidence that their approach to drawing merged perfectly with the subject matter to produce the archetypes that we know today. Like all great artists, from the Renaissance painters to the surrealists, these craftsmen were fulfilling their ambitions, perhaps even their destinies, by combining their philosophies with their graphic product.

Those archetypes can be resolved into four basic classifications. The first category was the original from which the others grew—the Wholesome Girl; clean-cut, friendly, pretty. The Glamour Girl came next, with her superior physical attraction and sophisticated demeanor. The Fantasy Girl followed, her persona and abilities enhanced beyond that of her peers. The last division is that of the Erotic Girl, whose sole purpose is to elicit a sexual response from her audience. To assay their development and cultural influence, one must establish a reasonable starting point.

At the turn of the century, illustrator and satirist Charles Dana Gibson became famous for his coquettish, yet dignified women. Richard Outcault turned them into innocent bystanders who endured the Yellow Kid's pranks. Frederick Opper kept them homely, but warm of heart in **Happy Hooligan.**

The age of the newspaper funnies had begun, and with it came a parade of female favorites. Roles like the one Mama played in **The Captain and The Kids** paved the way for the further subjugation of the family man in strips such as **Bringing Up Father,** with Maggie wielding the rolling pin as Jiggs' attention strayed to more tempting possibilities.

Cliff Sterrett's **Polly** was one of those possibilities. As she evolved from her initial debut in 1912, Polly was the idealized American girl next door type—wide-eyed, long-lashed, dark-haired, pug-nosed, long-legged and about as capable they came. Others who followed in her petite footsteps through the glittering jazz era included Dixie Dugan, Boots and her Buddies, and Jane Arden.

Of all the artists who contributed to the Wholesome Girl stereotype, Gibson remains as its prime purveyor. The pretty, perky, slim neatly coiffed, friendly but aloof image he created went through dozens of manfestations at the hands of others—from the crudely cartoony to the respectably realistic. Sterrett's standard funny paper approach was awakened by an appealing sense of design that organized abstract black and white areas into exciting patterns. George McManus' controlled linear style was a perfect compliment to his schematic narrative point of view. He chose to mix realistic pretty girls (as in **Rosie's Beau**) with broad caricatures. John Striebel opted for a straight illustrator's technique in this portrayal of **Dixie Dugan.** A definite style had yet to emerge, but the ultimate Wholesome Girl image was firmly established as a hallmark in American popular culture.

The passing of WW1 and the advent of women's rights gave birth to a new kind of strip: the emancipated girl. Winnie Winkle, Tillie the Toiler and Ella Cinders spent almost as much time searching through the "help wanted" ads as real-life Americans. To balance the scales, a host of frivilous, but fashionable flappers such as Beautiful Babs, Dumb Dora, Betty, Fritzi Ritz and Etta Kett charmed their way into the hearts of their readers. Even Dick Tracy's Chester Gould took a shot at the genre with his 1931 series **The Girl Friends.**

The nation's comic strips were suddenly overpopulated by secretaries and showgirls, movie stars and models, nurses and newspaperwomen. All of them were beautiful, blessed with the "it" that had made silent films' Clara Bow so famous.

Best of all, they were desirable, yet discreet. Though they'd appear in the opening stages of undress from time to time or reveal their trim figures in the latest swimwear, their sex appeal was not in what they showed, but in what they *didn't* show!

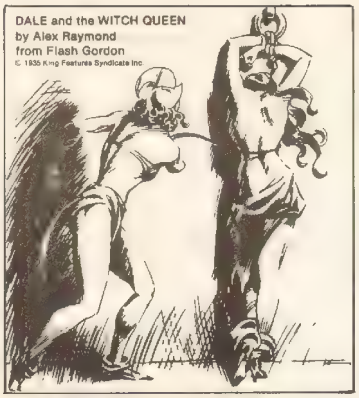
Some of them got married, like Blondie, and joined the ranks with Toots and Casper, Mr. and Mrs. and The Gumps. Others opted for independence and followed Little Orphan Annie through the newly-opened gateway to female adventureland.

Frank Godwin's vastly underrated strip, **Connie,** was one of the best illustrated narratives of its period. Drawn in the style of his friend, James Montgomery Flagg, Godwin took his tall, blonde heroine through her paces as a detective, and eventually as an adventuress in a fantasy world that extended into the realm of outer space. **Myra North** stayed Earthbound. With a nursing degree in one hand and a pistol in the other, she fought off the Yellow Menace and a legion of equally insidious villains.

The few female artists who strayed into the comic strip field generally chose somewhat lighter fare. Series by women, about women, for women usually fell into one of three catagories: tykes, teenagers and old timers. A random roll call reveals the pattern; there was Rose O'Neil's **Kewpies,** Grace Drayton's **Dimples,** Fanny Cory's **Little Miss Muffet,** Marge Henderson's **Little Lulu,** Hilda Terry's **Teena,** Gladys Parker's **Mopsy,** Dale Conner's **Mary Worth** and Martha Orr's **Apple Mary.**

There were some, of course, that were brave enough to break the rule. Dale Messick's flame-haired newshound, Brenda Starr, is a prime example. Beautiful, bubbly but brash, she set the pace for fast-action romantic adventures. Brenda was straight out of **Vogue,** with a high fashion

WITH
BILL
WARD


DALE and the WITCH QUEEN
by Alex Raymond
from Flash Gordon
© 1935 King Features Syndicate Inc

DANCING GIRL
© 1940 King Features Syndicate

DAISY MAE
by Al Capp
© 1939 News Syndicate Co Inc
Al Capp

MOON-BEAM McSWINE
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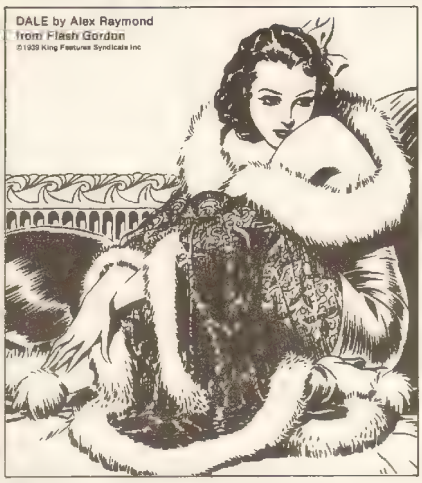
MAID
by
Al
Capp

SONJA by Alex Raymond
from Flash Gordon


DALE by Alex Raymond
from Flash Gordon
©1939 King Features Syndicate Inc

MODEST MAIDENS by Don Flowers
© 1949 King Features Syndicate Inc

JEAN FARGO
by Frank Frazetta
Johnny Comet
© 1952 McNaught Syndicate Inc

LONG SAM by Bob Lubbers
©1956 King Feature Syndicate Inc.

LUCIA by Frank Robbins
from Johnny Hazard
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DESTINA

ZIZI by Frank Robbins
from Johnny Hazard

by
Robbins

DINAH by Ray Gotto
from Ozark Ike
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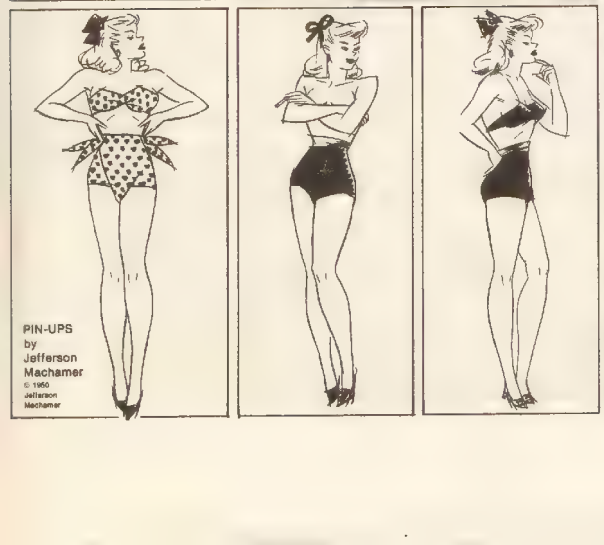

Glamour Girl profile as far away from the girl next door type as the Salvation Army is from your friendly neighborhood burlesque theatre.

The image of Glamour Girl essentially comes from the same mold as the Wholesome Girl with two major differences— her physical appeal has been enhanced considerably with longer eyelashes, a more sensuous lipline, a sweeping, provocative hairdo, ultra-stylish clothing, a trimmer waist and a fuller bustline. Where men are concerned, she knows she's got what it takes to take what they've got.

The Glamour Girl establishes an instant physical rapport with those within the strip—and with readers too. She knows it and she shows it. All the advanced plumage plus a haughty, knowing attitude seems to suggest the second basic difference between the two types—the loss of innocence.

Certainly the reality of two wars and the accompanying economic depressions left its mark on the moral consciousness of the American public. The Glamour Girl became a fantasy image, created primarily by Hollywood to distract a troubled nation for a few hours through the magic of a Busby Berkeley chorus line. Women emulated the new tight-fitting, come-on sexuality. Men dreamed of possessing it.

The comics mirrored the changing attitude and gave the impression that there was more going on between the panels than met the eye. The girls next door gave way to their more modern sisters, or often attempted to imitate their styles. Funny paper romance went from cheerful emotionalism to outright flesh and blood passion.

The change was especially apparent in the adventure strips that proliferated throughout the 30s. **Flash Gordon** is a perfect example. Never before had a comic strip featured a continuous parade of half-naked women, each more beautiful than the last. What clothing there was only served to show off the best drawn female figures this side of Mongo. Artist Alex Raymond insured that fact by using real models for his Glamour Girls to keep their attractive anatomy accurate right down to the last detail. The formula worked, and **Flash** became one of the most popular strips in comics' history. Readers waited in vain for the ultimate episode, *Flash Gordon and the Saturday Night Orgies of Mongo.*

Milton Caniff introduced his own gallery of lethal ladies in **Terry and the Pirates.** He, too, utilized models for the creation of Merrily Sandhurst, Burma, April Kane and, one of the most exotic and sensuous villainesses to ever make a hero walk the plank, the irresistable Dragon Lady. Caniff had the right idea when he said, "Draw your cartoons for the kids, but always leave a couple of inches above the stockings for the old man."

He left even more than that above the stockings when he created G.I.Joe's favorite comic pin-up girl, **Miss Lace. Male Call** was the name of the strip, and it ran in camp newspapers wherever soldiers stopped long enough to hang up their helmets and start up a printing press. Lace conspired with the enlisted men rather than the officers, and became a symbol for every wife and sweetheart that had been left behind.

In **Li'l Abner,** Al Capp took the Glamour Girl in another direction. These were mountain women, yo' mus' unnerstan, easily the healthiest to ever give chase to a typical, red-blooded, hunderd percent American boy. Their homegrown figures made Raquel Welch look like Twiggy, and it was obvious that they had forgotten more about makin' love than all of Raymond's and Caniff's girls ever knew. Even their names conjured up wisps of impure thought: Daisy Mae, Moonbeam McSwine, Wolf Girl, Stupefyin' Jones and Appassionata von Climax. The idea was so solid that Capp launched a spin-off strip of sorts in the 50s, **Long Sam**—a female version of Abner.

An interesting sidelight to the **Li'l Abner** story is that fantasy artist Frank Frazetta assisted on the strip for nine years beginning in 1953, a period which obviously inspired his mountain girl illustrations. His ideal concept of women combines a fully-developed figure with a baby doll face, an image he has proffered from his early **Johnny Comet** series to his latest jungle girl paintings.

By this time, most realistic (and many humor) strips adopted the Glamour Girl for their own purposes. In some, like **Ozark Ike**'s blonde-tressed, athletic Dinah, she became a steady character in the series. In others, such as Frank Robbins' **Johnny Hazard,** they came and went with each six weeks' adventure. Leonard Starr kept his girl, Mary Perkins, **On Stage,** front and center as often as possible.

The imagery of the classic Glamour Girl can be traced directly back to one of the foremost artists of the Jazz Age, Russell Patterson. So successful were his illustrations in the 20s for **College Humor** that they literally set the style of dress amongst the collegiate crowd.

Patterson's women were young, supple. They had legs—and stood on them in ways that thrust their hips out in subtle invitation while their spines described questions marks. They could give you the cold shoulder and a hot glance at the same time. They used lipstick, smoked cigarettes. Their shadowed eyes were all-knowing.

The artist's fragile, vital ink line was deceptively simple, a perfect compliment for his use of blacks, which created intriguing, but pleasing abstract shapes. It was this aspect of design, and Patterson's ability to develop interesting patterns, that made him one of the most influential draftsmen in the first half of this century. Those who were inspired by his work include Noel Sickles, Roy Crane, Milt Caniff, Ralph Barton, Jefferson Machamer and many others.

It's little known that Patterson began his career with a French comic strip titled **Pierre et Pierrette** drawn for a Canadian newspaper. Afterward, he attended Chicago's Art Institute and Academy of Fine Arts, then became an interior designer for a host of department stores. He contributed to many magazines throughout the flapper era, where his drawings rivaled those of John Held, Jr. In the eyes of the American public. In the 20s, he created set designs and costumes for the Ziegfield **Follies** and George White's **Scandals,** then moved to Hollywood where he contributed the same service for films through the following decade. Relocating in New York, he took on the task of designing clothes, restaurant interiors and hotel lobbies, and almost anything else that caught his fancy. From 1951 to 1956, he returned to the comic strip form to produce one of the high points in the genre of "good girl art," **Mamie.**

Between strips, a number of Patterson-influenced cartoonists carried on the tradition such as E. Simms Campbell with **Cuties,** Jeff Machamer with **Gags & Gals,** and Jay Allan with **Glamour Girls.** Don Flowers may have been the most important of these because of his subtle modification of the Patterson ideal.

Flowers' seductive thick and thin brush line gave his figures an additional dimension of animation. More significantly was his handling of facial features, especially eyes and lips, which have become the standard for today's artists. From the realistic to the cartoon style, this archetype seems to apply, and is even apparent in John Buscema's pretty comic book girls.

The Glamour Girl was accepted with open arms by the comics. The tradition of establishing a humorous situation built around a female character that had its beginnings in the newspaper strips (and was adopted by films and, much later, TV) found perennial acceptance with the comic book readership.

They had names like Millie and Mitzi and Mopsy, and the only way to classify them properly is to state that they were Wholesome Girls who had *just* become Glamour Girls. They had the look, the eyes, the hair, the figures of their full-fledged sisters—but they also had innocence. They simply hadn't yet passed their final exam.

But, they *were* working on it.

They all seemed to have boy friends or at least friend boys who were well aware of the facts of life and the direct relationship to the number of curves packed into their maturing frames. Only their names and hair colors were different. Whether they called themselves Corliss, Rusty, Sunny, Suzie, Tessie, Betty or Veronica, they were all the same living out the same romantic comedies in comics for teenagers about teenagers.

The art always ranged somewhere between **Winnie Winkle** and **Fritzi Ritz. Katy Keene** had the cutest gimmick; her tales were riddled with "fashion panels" in the manner of

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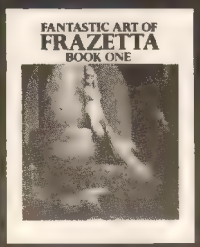

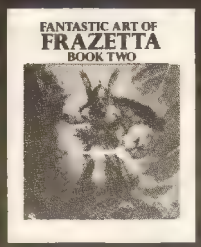

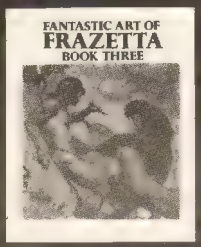

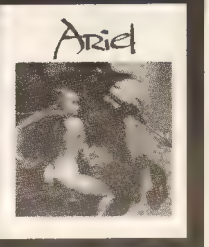

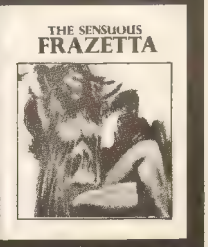

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The 1977 Frazetta Calendar is now out of print, and has become an instant collector's item. We have bought out the remaining stock so that you can still get a copy before it's too late. All the paintings included are in *full-color*, and there's a double-sized poster centerspread of *Conan the Buccaneer*. $7.50 plus .60.

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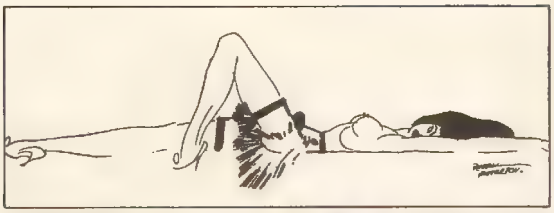

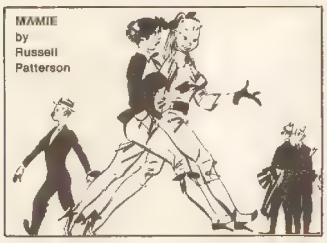

newspaper strips such as **Boots, Kid Sister, Jane Arden, Mamie** and even **Flash Gordon.** These panels featured characters stripped down to the minimum, with accompanying clothing to be added to the figures in paper doll style. Katy's clothes were all designed by her readers who sent in their sketches for artist Bill Woggin to assimilate. No matter how editors considered the Fashion Panel, it was nonetheless the Glamour Girls' version of the strip tease.

The title of Queen of the Glamour Girls Comic has been held so firmly for the past thirty years that there is almost no second or third place runners-up. Imagine the longest legs in comics, the pointiest breasts, the narrowest waist, a Niagara of platinum hair—and you've just pictured the one and only Torchy.

She was billed as "The Incendiary Blonde," a downright understatement because she could make temperatures (amongst other things) rise quicker than yesterday's gasoline prices. Torchy turned straight readers into Peeping Toms—and if they didn't have a fetish before they picked up the book, they did by the time they put it down!

Torchy wore the tallest heels, the sheerest nylons, the lowest-cut gowns, the shortest skirts, the laciest slips, the slinkiest bras, the tiniest garter belts, the scantiest panties and the kinkiest array of merry widows, pajamas, waist-cinches and baby dolls this side of 42nd Street. She made Frederick's of Hollywood look like a Sears Roebuck catalog.

Those who claimed that Torchy had no redeeming qualities failed to realize the role she played in shaping the destinies of the immature and inexperienced youth of America in their throbbing quest for truth and knowledge. She revealed the mysteries of lush womanhood. She left no doubt as to what held up the world's smallest bikini. She set impossible standards for real life girls to follow.

What did it matter? It seemed like such a small price to pay.

Torchy Todd was the creation of Bill Ward, one of America's foremost female cartoonists. After graduating from Pratt Institute, he had held down a position as background and layout man in Jack Binder's Engelwood, New Jersey comic production factory. By the end of 1942, Ward, like so many of his fellow artists, had been drafted into the service. He was also recruited to develop a comic strip for his company's newspaper, and dreamed up a girl character in the tradition of Caniff's Miss Lace. Though she was originally a brunette who answered to the name of AckAck-Amy, Ward's humorous heroine nevertheless had all the elements that would go into the making of Torchy soon afterward. A bottle of bleach, a change of name, and the job was completed. Hey, soldier—that's a funny way to salute!

After the war, Ward settled into a penciller's job with Quality Comics. Reed Crandall drew the Blackhawks for **Modern,** while Ward took them through their

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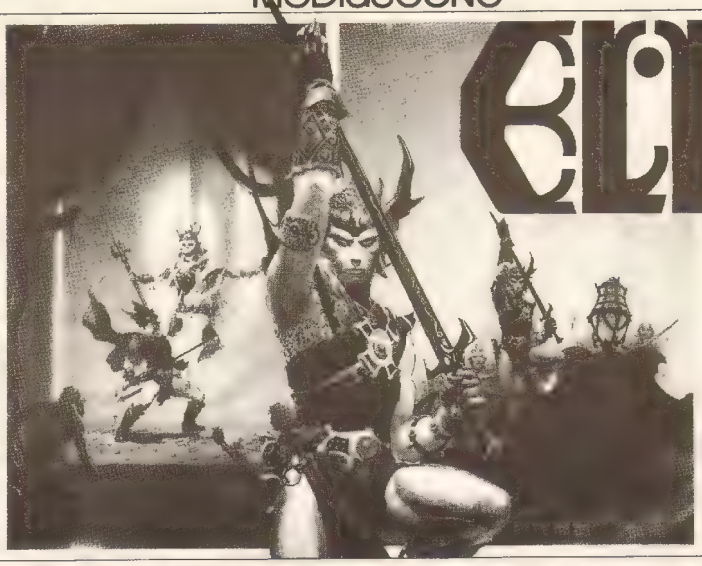

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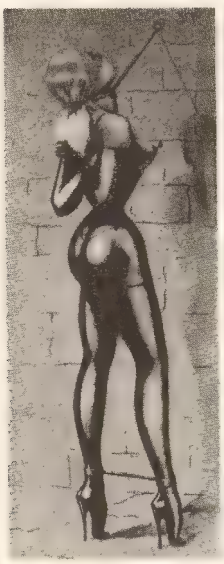

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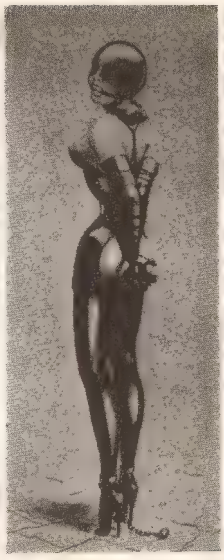

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paces in their own magazine. In 1946, he was asked to do a new strip and recalled his work for the Armed Forces papers. The editor approved the idea, and Torchy found a home.

Her escapades ran in both **Modern** and **Dollman** for about three years, at which time incoming fan mail was so positive that the publisher decided to give Torchy a book of her own. The title ran for six issues in 1949 and 1950, most of which were drawn by Gil Fox who took the accent slightly off sex appeal to play for the humor angle. Ward did some covers and stories, but was mostly spread thin over Quality's romance line.

With or without Ward, Torchy was so hot her book was banned in Boston. The series was scripted by Gwen Hansen, who found more ways to get Torchy in and out of her clothes than Gypsy Rose Lee. In one scene, as the Blonde Bombshell is looking for her bikini, a friend observes, "No wonder you can't find it! That amount of material couldn't even cover the tail light of a firefly!" Mothers of teenaged sons failed to see the humor in the situation. Public pressure closed the book on Torchy.

But Ward continued developing his art—and his girls. When Quality folded in the mid-50s, he began a long career as the prime supplier of single panel cartoons for **Humorama.** Ward's work was a stand-out. Nobody could put the sheen on nylon stockings like he could, or make lace quite so intricate—the trademarks of his style. His career can be likened to a Sequoia tree whose rings can be counted to tell its age. With each passing year of Ward's art, the girls' busts grew larger while their waists shrank proportionately. One can almost tell the vintage of the art by the size of the cup.

There are those who would argue that Torchy goes well beyond the classification of the Glamour Girl category because of the heightened focus on sex appeal and the extreme fetishism —and they *may* be correct. Ward's art does invade some of the territory inhabited by the Erotic Girl, but the guidelines defining the divisions of "good girl art" are certainly open to personal interpretation. There's no denying that the series as a whole has more charm, vitality and humor than **Charlie's Angels,** for example. But, it had a purpose for existing well beyond the pin-up aspect, and that fact alone establishes its qualifying factors.

It would not be unreasonable to consider Torchy to be comics' ultimate Glamour Girl. For Bill Ward, who drew girls better than anyone else as a kid and made a life-long career of it, Torchy was that rare perfect union of artist and subject matter. He is unquestionably king of comics' Glamour Girl cartoonists.

The age of specialization had begun, and comics were no exception to the rule. Just as the Wholesome Girl had stepped aside for the Glamour Girl, so would they both be eclipsed by the tidal wave of Fantasy Girls that waited in the wings.

The Erotic Girls were not far behind. ● STERANKO

In the beginning there is only the infinite, ever-expanding void and color of deep space. Swiftly stars and clusters of glowing gas approach and pass in seconds, and only the flaming intensity of a bursting supernova gets a brief pause. The movement continues, probing the gem-like beauty of star systems, sparkling nebulae and swirling hydrogen clouds until, in the far distance, an object is sighted.

Still millions of miles away, the colorful cascade of light resembles an Aurora Borealis, but much larger—easily big enough to envelop an entire solar system in its luminous haze.

Suddenly an angular mass of dull metal, obviously martial in design, enters the scene, followed by two companion ships comprising an imposing Klingon combat patrol. Their threatening intrusion is dwarfed by the overbearing mass of the Space Cloud.

After a brief inspection, the Klingon captain orders a swift attack with photon torpedoes, and is baffled as the lethal charges simply disappear in a bright glow.

Then, a whiplash bolt of energy reaches out to the third Klingon cruiser in retaliation, draining the ship of all its active energy in a writhing flare of light. Within seconds the vessel implodes in the cold vacuum of space, and a second bolt lashes out to destroy another ship. A third whiplash effect severely cripples the command ship with a glancing blow off its force-shields. Amid the dead and wounded on his bridge, the doomed Klingon captain transmits an urgent message: "Severely damaged. Returning fire..."

At a Starfleet Monitoring Station on Epsilon 9, startled outpost listeners pick up the open transmission: "Imperial Klingon cruiser *Amar*...severely damaged by unfamiliar weaponry...Intruder unidentified...believe luminous cloud to be enormous powerfield surrounding alien vessel...size and description unknown...our sensors unable to penetrate."

The stunned Starfleet monitors zero in their visual sensors just in time to view the implosion of the last Klingon warship. Then the glowing cloud enters the scanner range and a course is quickly plotted: "It's on a precise heading for Earth!"

Abruptly, the scene shifts to the barren, clouded surface of the planet Vulcan. In the distance rise strange, hard-edged peaks and rock formations—the mountain home of the Vulcan Masters. On a ledge, Spock stands in tattered, dusty robes, an Aspirant in study with the Masters.

Spock is about to take part in an age-old ritual which will signify his attainment of Kolinahr—a state of mind achieved through the discipline of total logic and the ultimate shedding of emotion.

A disturbing *presence* intrudes upon Spock's concentration, however, raising emotional responses which the Masters detect. It is confirmed that Spock's human half has not been completely subdued yet, and the Masters view him as unacceptable for their ranks.

The intrusion of this unwarranted *presence*, and its triggering of emotion in Spock, is somehow related to the mystery within the approaching Space Cloud—a link characterized throughout **Star Trek—The Motion Picture** by a distinctive musical theme.

A gleaming, futuristic, 23rd century San Francisco, complete with a historically preserved Golden Gate Bridge, is the setting for Kirk's formal introduction. He is an Admiral now, purposefully striding through Starfleet Headquarters, weaving among a variety of earthmen and aliens—including Vulcans, blue-skinned Andorians, and high-domed Vegans (a number of which are seen on these pages).

A brief meeting with Admiral Nogura rapidly results in a speedy transporter voyage to a massive orbiting drydock, where the *U.S.S. Enterprise* is being refitted and modified with the latest scientific equipment. At this point Chief Engineer Scott is discovered, struggling with a temperamental unit on the transporter device, in rapid succession, Uhura, Sulu, Rand and Chekov augment the cast, along with a number of new and alien crew members.

An underlying tension results when Kirk informs the current commander of the *Enterprise*, Captain William Decker, that he has pulled some strings to resume command of the ship. He also adds a burden of pressure to the mission with news that they must leave without a shakedown test to intercept the Space Cloud, now less then three days from Earth. Decker is understandably resentful, and an ominous pall is cast over the voyage when the transporter malfunctions, thoroughly scrambling the ship's new Vulcan Science Officer and an Earth woman.

Scott works frantically to repair the problem while the Starfleet Monitoring Station on Epsilon 9 comes under attack from the Space Cloud and is destroyed. The entire ship's crew views the base's annihilation in helpless horror.

When the transporter is finally repaired, Navigator Ilia comes on board and creates a sensation—she is entirely bald, yet extremely sensual. She reports to Kirk, but is startled to recognize Captain Decker, who was once stationed on her home planet Delta. Apparently emotions stir deep within her, yet she is cooly efficient, and, to Sulu's embarassment, soon reveals that she is sworn to celibacy—she would never take advantage of a sexually immature species.

More crew members are

INTO THE FUTURE: PLOTTING THE FINAL FRONTIER

successfully materialized on the *Enterprise*, until the grumbling and ever-complaining "Bones" McCoy is beamed up.

Finally, the massive antimatter engines begin harnessing incredible power until Kirk commands: "Mr. Sulu. Ahead. Warp point five."

Slowly, carefully, the ship accelerates to full warp drive speed. But something is wrong with the matter/anti-matter intermix formula, tossing the *Enterprise* immediately into the grip of a distortion known as the Wormhole Effect. The Wormhole is literally a pit in space, sucking light and matter into a narrowing vortex of destruction. Only swift thinking by Captain Decker saves the *Enterprise* from disaster and a collision with a large asteroid, rudely pointing out Kirk's unfamiliarity with his new starship after nearly three years behind a desk.

Unexpectedly, a deep-space shuttle appears in the space beyond Saturn with a request to come alongside. Inside is Spock, the last outstanding member of the original *Enterprise* crew. He appears to be even more detached from human emotions than ever before, and brushes aside greetings with a cold inquiry into the warp-drive problem. Within three hours, thanks to Spock's aid, the *Enterprise* makes a smooth quantum-leap into warp factor seven.

The true scale of the Space Cloud becomes apparent as the massive dimensions of the *Enterprise* draw closer for comparison.

Suddenly, a whiplash energy bolt appears, streaking to engulf the ship in a frantic pattern of green-white incandescence. It shorts-out electrical systems and severely injures Sulu, yet dissipates most of its destructive force against the newly-strengthened battleshields.

Frantic attempts to communicate are rewarded with no further attacks, but the *Enterprise* now finds itself being drawn into an energy field. Helplessly, they find themselves being pulled into the eye of this cosmic hurricane, where they get their first glimpse of the source of all their problems—an alien vessel, some seventy-eight kilometers in length. Its bulk glows faintly, and appears to be an exotic combination of matter and living energy, designed with knowledge far exceeding Earth's technology. Even Spock is awed by the site, recognizing it as the source of the *presence* disturbing his half-human soul.

The gigantic space-craft at the Cloud's core soon sends out a probing energy tendril which proceeds to snake throughout the *Enterprise*, brushing aside crew members in showers of blinding sparks, and invading computer consoles to search Starfleet records. Finally, it settles upon Ilia, obscuring her in a sheath of energy, then disappearing with the girl in a blinding flash.

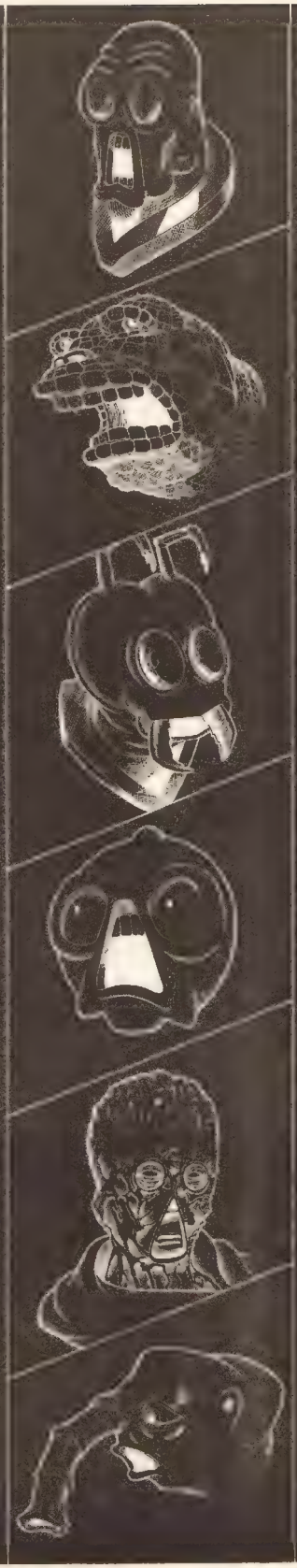
Within moments the starship is moving again, in the grip of a powerful tractor beam, being carefully guided to the nose of the alien craft, which opens to admit the tiny intruder. Inside, Kirk and the crew find a massive chamber is visible.

Their attention is suddenly diverted by the mysterious re-appearance of Ilia—or rather her android duplicate, designed to "interact with the carbon-based units infesting the *Enterprise*." She tells the Kirk and Spock that the name of the massive entity they are confronting is V'ger. She also reveals that V'ger is traveling "to the third planet to find the creator...to join with him." The Ilia-form has been returned to the *Enterprise* to evaluate the "carbon-based units," and find out why they have interfered with V'ger's journey.

Decker is assigned to conduct the Ilia-unit through the ship while Kirk and Spock don thruster suits to explore their surroundings. Avoiding the many defensive energy swarms, they determine that the entire V'ger craft is a living, mechanical life-form, which probably feels more kinship for the *Enterprise* itself than any member of the crew. Intrigued, Spock attempts to mind-meld with V'ger, but is repulsed by the machine and rendered unconscious.

By now, V'ger is approaching Earth, and has dissipated the glowing energy cloud effect it has generated for deep-space travel. Through Ilia, V'ger has learned that humans are in some way intertwined with its manifest destiny, and consequently opens the door to its inner chamber—inviting them to the very core of its being.

Spock is abruptly awakened from his comatose state by V'ger to help guide the *Enterprise* through the cavernous inner chamber. A change has come over Spock, however, due to the mind-meld. He has come into contact with an entity of pure logic and found it unfulfilling—an existence without emotion has been revealed to him as a deadly trap leading to a barren continuum of life with no satisfying goals or sensations of pleasure. "I saw knowledge beyond comprehension. All more than I had dreamed of becoming...and in it... I saw the barrenness that lays in wait for me."



Weakened by the experience, Spock turns slowly to face Kirk, a tired, pained smile on his face, and with an obvious effort continues. "Hello, Jim. My friend."

Winding through V'ger's passage chamber, the *Enterprise* eventually enters a massive room filled with fog. No walls are visible, only random pulses of colorful energy nodes. They find themselves facing a large metallic object, severely damaged and pitted by meteorite showers. The paint which once covered it has peeled and flaked, and there is a metal plaque attached, battered by extensive exposure to space debris. The plaque is in English, but only a part of it remains readable:

V---GER 6
NASA

Even as Kirk and his crew begin to unscramble the riddle revealed by their discovery, V'ger has come to a halt before Earth and issues a powerful transmission: "I am arrived. I seek to become one with you. When no answer is forthcoming, V'ger deploys four neutron bombs to eradicate the planet of all carbon life units. These beings called "humans" appear to be interfering with the successful consumation of its mission, which will be signalled by a recognition/deactivation code number buried in the musty, old 20th century NASA microfilm library, and must be delivered by a literal human sacrifice.

To reveal more would be unfair. There are twists and turns aplenty before the *Enterprise* saves the Earth, vanquishes the foe, and emerges in a blaze of glory.

The final scene contains the promise of more **Star Treks** (as provided by an option in everyone's contract), with Sulu turning to inquire: "Heading? Sir?"

"Out there. Thataway." Kirk replies, as the dwindling Enterprise vanishes among the stars.

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ROCKY HORROR

WHO PUT THE CULT IN THE CULTURE?

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ROCKY

WHO PUT THE CULT IN THE CULTURE?

SCENE 53A. INTERIOR HALL—NIGHT.

BRAD AND JANET retreat to the hall. Behind them, a lift slowly descends, bearing a black-cloaked figure with diamond stiletto heels—one of which beats to the rhythm the band has started playing.

JANET: *Brad, please let's get out of here.*

BRAD: *It's just a...a party, Janet.*

JANET: *Well, I want to leave.*

BRAD: *They're probably for-[illegible] with ways different from [illegible] may do some [illegible]*

[illegible] rise, staring mesmerised at the lift.

JANET: *sees the shoe looks up at the face of its owner.*

JANET: *faints.*

The figure turns and throws open the lift cage door. As the camera zooms into the death mask above, the film changes from black and white to colour. However, the only colour in evidence is the red lipstick on the mouth of their host.

SONG: *SWEET TRANSVESTITE.*

FRANK: *How do you do...*

At this point, all further lyrics and dialogue in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** are drowned out by clapping hands, screams, obscenities and flying missiles such as Uncle Ben's Rice, Wonder Bread and rolls of toilet paper. The party and the songs have begun, and nothing can stop them. Brad, Janet and the entire audience have arrived at the pivotal point of the film, in which the exotic, erotic and psychotic Frank N. Furter *literally* begins to strut his stuff, thus creating *the* cult movie of the 70s. Unlike other cult films, however, **Rocky Horror** is not so much viewed as *experienced*.

[illegible] to top it all off, almost [illegible] the audience particu[illegible] cares who stars in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**, anymore than they give a hang about its writer, director or composer—in fact, only actress Susan Sarandon appears to have survived her role to work prominently in other feature films. **Rocky Horror** seems to stand as the quinessential classy art-cult-cheap thrill film of all time—its very existence more fascinating than its background. Remarkably, it is a genuine *audience participation* attraction on an grand scale.

Who, what, where, when, how and why are moot questions to pose to the veteran **Rocky Horror** fanatic—most of them haven't actually heard the words of the two-hour film in months, unless they've turntabled their well-worn soundtrack album. Newcomers—referred to as 'virgins'—don't stand a chance of understanding the story, but the songs have a memorable rock 'n roll beat that blends with the striking pyrotechnics on screen to seduce them back to the ritualistic Friday and Saturday midnight journey for another try.

Any deep analysis of this phenomenon seems somehow unethical to the mindless release of [illegible] inhibitions it engenders. A brief history of the show reveals merely that it originated as an experiment for the English stage, and *GREW* (part of it is *still* performed nightly in London). Crossing the ocean, **The Rocky Horror Show** played the Roxy Theater in Los Angeles in 1974, hit Broadway briefly, and along the way was turned into **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**, which died a horrible boxoffice death in 1975.

A 20th Century-Fox advertising executive felt there was a certain *naive* charm about the film, however, and noticed that the tunes were definitely contagious. In an attempt to salvage the studio's million dollar investment, he decided to whack out a few scenes, splice on a different set of end-titles, and try it as a midnight show presentation, along with the company's other pop/rock musical albatross, **The Phantom of the Paradise**.

But that's only half of the **Rocky Horror** story—the *how* part. *Why* it works is equally as freakish.

Evil scientists, renegade computers, man-made monsters and killer robots are *blase* to the current film-going generation. Truthfully, enlightened studies [illegible] dispelled the shadows of [illegible] and supersitition, dissolving centuries of fears in less than 20 years. This leaves only realm of supersititious ignorance and unholy terror for the rebellious young horror film-maker—*sex*.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show addresses itself to this taboo from frame one, superimposing the main title sequence over an obscenely garish pair of scarlet lips singing the theme song of *Science Fiction/Double Feature*.

As an unorthodox combination of schlock and soft-core pornography, the film establishes a unique duality of purpose at this stage. While the lips on the screen alternately purse and pucker, and the tongue suggestively caresses the 50-foot slashes of crimson, the song lyrics provide a genuinely knowledgable evocation of sci-fi films from the past, including everything from **Flash Gordon** to **Tarantula** to **The Day of the Triffids**.

Throughout the film, this type of parallelism is faithfully pursued—the overt presence of hetero, homo and trans-sexuality are only gimmicks to get the audiences undivided attention. Part of the movie's attraction is, of course, that it *is* brash, vulgar, offensive and perversely fixated on transvestism.

Underneath all this, virtually every character and dozens of incidental props have a dual function: white roses from a wedding rotate on their pedastals to become black blossoms for a child's funeral; the priest, caretakers and photographers from this wedding scene are all revealed later as Frank and his Transylvanian conventioneers; and the powerful post-title image of a crucifix is panned down over the wedding in a gimmicky foreshadowing of the film's literal descent into a realm where angels would guard their backs.

HORROR

Fans revel in discovering these little nuggets of multi-level junk-culture *finesse*, and come again and again in search of undisclosed details.

The primary characters in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** are introduced as familiar good and bad stereotypes. Barry Bostwick, as heroic, square-jawed Clark Kent look-alike, Brad Majors, is the quintessential male virgin, who is greeted by audiences with raucus, roof-rattling, invective. This assessment is reinforced by the fact that the character is pitifully out of his depth, and armed with only a fraction of the normal allotment of wit. While being inexplicably stripped of his clothes, his advice to his girlfriend is to "play along with them for now, and pull out the aces when the time is right."

Susan Sarandon, as Janet Weiss, is equally virginal in her conservative dresses with long sleeves and high necklines. Her wonder-filled eyes reinforce the image of innocence, and she is, of course, engaged to Brad. Janet merely faints a lot at first, but when her clothes are removed, her overflowing brassiere distracts from her growing involvement in the "unhealthy" situations developing. Donning a lab-coat refocuses the attention to Sarandon's singing and acting, but her entrances are still received by the theater patrons with Germanic hisses of "Weisssssss!"

The film even features an authoritative investigator/narrator in the curiously satisfying presence of Charles Gray (who, incidentally, did *his* time in drag for the role of a villain in the James Bond film **Diamonds Are Forever**). His inclusion is only sketchily inferred as "official," and he spends all his screen time in a very dark library, surrounded by police files and comic books, waving a long-stemmed cigarette holder, and dancing on his desk. The Narrator is greeted with hisses and boos and screams of "no-neck" (he *is* wearing a high collar and cravat), but his appearances are carefully timed to keep the film's frenetic pacing from spinning out of control.

The key role of Frank N. Furter, the self-proclaimed "Sweet Transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania," is every mother's nightmare of a doctor son gone wrong. Tim Curry plays the role with engaging bravado, audacity and flexibility, shifting constantly from the universal image of a "screaming faggot" to alternating nuances of masculinity and femininity, all the while strutting defiantly in his garter belt and stockings—dressed the way many would like to find the girl next door.

Furter's assistants form a grotesque family structure: the butler, Riff Raff, is a superbly emaciated incarnation of the classic hunchbacked flunky, played by the film's composer, lyricist, original story and co-screenwriter, Richard O'Brien. Magenta is his friz-haired counterpart of a maid, played by Patricia Quinn with a mad cackle and a hint of an incestuous lust for her brother, Riff; and Columbia, portrayed by Little Nell (yes, that's her name), is a tap-dancing groupie, cast off by Frank, now sharing a room, and presumably a bed, with Magenta.

Rocky Horror himself is a tanned and muscled Adonis, created in a vat, solely for Frank N. Furter's pleasure. He is a satisfying non-entity, played by Peter Hinwood, ingeniously used as only the most obvious plot contrivance. Similarly, a group of thirty or so Transylvanian conventioneer "guests" are gratuitously used for the party and Frankenstein-like creation sequence, only to mysteriously evaporate somewhere around 3:00 AM, film-time.

All these disparate characters are united when Brad and Janet get a flat tire on a cold and rainy "night out."

"Didn't we pass a castle back down the road a few miles?" Brad asks rhetorically, at which point the scene wipes across the screen in a 1930's fashion accompanied by a loud metallic CLANG!—like a dungeon door being slammed. Once again, classic horror films are recalled with lightning illuminated visuals, and in a song purporting to see a light "*Over at the Frankenstein Place*."

The house itself turns out to be a hedonistic gothic fantasy world, with skeletons in the clocks, a stuffed leopard battling a coiled python, mascaraed Grecian statuary, a swimming pool with a painting of the Sistine Chapel on its bottom, a medical operating theater, a theatrical stage, elevators, staircases, a geodesic sun-roof, a black-draped bridal chamber, stone towers, a convention hall with a speaking platform, limp-wristed gargoyles, and a slithering Zen room.

Through two engaging, but essentially inoffensive, tunes, **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** begins to slowly reveal its anarchistic and seamy, sex-driven core. It explodes flamboyantly with Frank N. Furter's swaggering appearance in his aggressive little ditty, *Sweet Transvestite*. Striding, posing and playing directly into the camera, Frank manipulates, dominates and motivates the rest of the movie.

What follows is a frenzy of chases (Furter after his muscleman, Rocky), murder (Frank again, this time with a fat 50s cycle-jock of an ex-lover, played by rock star Meat Loaf), fornication (Frank and Rocky), fornication (Frank and Janet), fornication (Frank and Brad), fornication (Janet and Rocky), surprise (the sudden appearance in the middle of nowhere of UFO investigator Dr. Everett *von* Scott in his wheelchair, in the rain), cannibalism (of the body of the deceased greaser), twists (everybody turned into statuary), revelations (everyone in high heels and stockings, including the freewheeling von Scott), revolt (Riff Raff and Magenta take over to return to their home planet), and resolution (Charles Gray observing finally that the whole affair was "Lost in time

lost in space...and meaning").

Overall, the film is packed with action and unexpected visual delights. In its own odd way, it is a celebration of kinetic activity, sexual and otherwise. "Don't dream it, be it," is the lyric of one of its songs, and the movie lives up to the concept: nothing about the production is the least bit lethargic.

Furter all but embraces the camera in his demands for attention. Riff Raff hops about like an acid-tripping spider on an elastic web. Magenta constantly

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL TIME WARPERS!

The following costumes, used in **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**, are up for grabs to the highest bidder. Regular Frankie fans need no introductions—all others are invited to come up to the lab. All prices are *minimum* bids.

Frank N. Furter's floor show shoes—$500

Frank N. Furter's dinner corset/frock—$500

Magenta's space boots—$300

Magenta's black bra (dinner scene)—$200

Janet Weiss' complete outfit, including cardigan sweater, pink dress, bra and half slip—$100

Brad's floor show corset—$100

Brad's floor show corset (after blast, with burn holes)—$100

Brad's one sequined red glove from the floor show—$75

Dr. Scott's garter belt from the floor show—$50

Columbia's garter belt from the floor show—$75

One miscellaneous Transylvanian jacket from the Time Warp sequence—$100

Two pairs of fishnet stockings from the floor show—$25 each pair

One feather boa—$25

Each item comes with a certificate of authenticity from Sue Blaine, costume mistress for **The Rocky Horror Picture Show.** Each "character" item has the star's name stitched inside. Bidding is open until the fall. Bids may be addressed to:

Star Fleet Enterprises
82 Pierrepont St.
Brooklyn NY 11201

physical and emotional exertions leave viewers stimulated yet exhausted.

Fan magazines, play productions and books have arisen from this madness being generated in some 300 theaters across the country. The **Rocky Horror** creator, Richard O'Brien, is happy—he's involved with some of the merchandising action. 20th Century-Fox is happy—they've recouped their investment and reaped a whirlwind. The **Rocky Horror** freaks are happy, even at $3.00 a throw—it

and sensually rubs against everything in sight. Only Brad and Janet appear static during their "normal" phase, but quickly become animated once their sexual horizons have been broadened and their clothes removed. The entire film races past under director Jim Sharman's barely sustained control (he also directed the stage versions), cramming every inch of the screen with throwaway detail.

Audience reaction to all this has taken on dimensions entirely out of proportion to the film itself. The glittering ruby mouth that kicks off the credit sequence gets an ovation and cries for "Lips! Lips!" Each member of the cast is also rated vocally: "Yay Frank!" "Weisssssss!" "No-neck!"

A wedding sequence opens the film proper, so of course, twenty pounds of rice sail through the air—sometimes still in the box. When it rains, it pours—from water pistols, spray guns and water balloons—but everyone in the theater is protected by makeshift newspaper hood umbrellas in emulation of Janet on screen (using a **Cleveland Plain Dealer,** as immortalized in the film, is a good way to score points).

Once or twice, Frank N. Furter will talk directly to the viewer in sequences that are so mundane as to become precious. A song lyric calls for Frank to notice Brad and Janet's rain-soaked condition, which he interprets as sexual tension: "I see you shiver with antici...."

At this point the audience roar of "SAY IT!!" loosens the hinges of churches within ten miles.

"...pation," Frank whispers in response.

Every little nuance and gesture is a tip-off for some sort of audience response. If a song mentions "Cards for sorrow, Cards for pain," the janitor will be sweeping up about fifteen decks early Sunday morning. "There's a light, over at the Frankenstein place" will bring eight dozen Bic Crickets aflame in violation of every known fire law, and keep theater managers on the lookout for torches and railroad flares.

Frank's call for a dinner toast sends cracked wheat slices airborne, not to mention an occasional whole French loaf dirigible. When the Transylvanian guests applaud Frank's genius, so too does the audience, with horns, noisemakers and confetti.

Overall, the noise level of the **Rocky Horror** audience effectively smothers the soundtrack, but they make up for it by shouting out most of the lines and singing along. Impromptu **Rocky Horror Revues** have also sprung up to enact the film before the front row seats, creating a "Live Sex Acts On Stage" carnival atmosphere. Many other filmgoers are simply content to dress up in drag and walk the aisles, incessantly working out their exhibitionist fantasies. Some of these bondage brokers are girls, but one must use caution in assessing garter belts, stockings and make-up in darkened theaters—unless you don't really care.

Occassionally, fanatics will fill in even the tiniest open spaces of the film's structure with their own cunning. A particularly evocative song dedicated to the dead greaser Eddie has a strong, familiar rock 'n roll cadence. In it, there is an empty musical bar-and-a-half, into which astute minds have very appropriately inserted "Sha-bop, sha-bop, sha-bop."

Not all of this background noise is directed at the screen, however. Once in a while, a viewer will mindlessly fixate on the cadaverous Magenta and unleash a furious twenty-minute tirade of sexually ambitious, flagrantly illegal, and vocally unintelligible obscenities, which will earn him a round of applause. As a matter of fact, obscenities are randomly bellowed out every seven seconds or so, and those involving hamsters and one's own mother are repeated often if encouraged.

Drugs are not really a part of the **Rocky Horror** scene — only a smuggled-in can of beer seems suitably tacky.

The young are drawn to the film, primarily, and no one seems to question anybody's age for this relatively mild R-rated film. Theater managers have been observed in their ticket booths, rapturously gripping double fistfuls of dollar bills and grinning foolishly at the long lines still waiting to get in. The occassional maiden aunt or elderly chaperone accompanying one or more dozen minors generally maintains a stoic silence, eyes glassy and large as golf-balls, frozen in their seats.

Nevertheless, there is always a harmless, celebratory feeling to **The Rocky Horror Picture Show,** regardless of the chaos it engenders. Good triumphs over evil in the story, and the mental, fills their lives with unrestrained insanity for a couple of hours a week. Only Tim Curry is really unhappy—he's having trouble putting the role of the raging queen behind him in the search for other work.

And what of the parent who wonder where little Johnny goes, dressed like his sister Jane, every week? It is an interesting question, but the film simply doesn't pack the psycho-sexual weight to provide any answer but foolish fun—impure and simple.

In any case, the **Rocky Horror** cult is too large and too devoted to pay and attention to such imponderables.

Only boredom will erode the film's following—but that day won't come for some time yet. Until then, midnight will still be the witching hour, with cars pulling into the theater parking lots a half-hour early in eager antici.....pation.

And while waiting, in the velvet darkness, an 8-track tape player will be heard through an open window, along with soft, sing-along voices:

"The blackness would hit me,
And the void would be calling.
Let's do the Time Warp again.
Let's do the Time Warp again..."

●Ken Bruzenak

ROBERT E. HOWARD

HEROIC FANTASY CALENDAR

SPECIAL DISCOUNT PRICE!

Just when you think you've got everything! Here's another CONAN item for your collection at **less than half** of it's usual $4.95 price—and why not, half the year's gone already! Actually, we picked 'em up cheap, and we're selling 'em the same way. Frazetta relative and imitator, Ken Kelly, follows in the footsteps of the master with a dozen sword and sorcery scenes. All are painted in the kind of *blazing full-color* that makes you wish black and white were in style again! If that's not enough for the money, there's a big bonus 12x17" poster-sized centerspread. Our sources tell us that the calendar itself was never distributed. In our opinion, this will probably be the only one published—and at this price, *how can you go wrong?* We're not saying that five years from now you'll curse yourself for not picking up a copy, but why take the chance!! A steal at $2.00.

DON'T DREAM IT! SEE IT... IN THREE HOT NEW VOLUMES OF DARK DELIGHTS!

Rose-tint your world with these raunchy **Rocky Horror** rags! Each venomous volume has been *personally approved* by revolting Richard O'Brien, and contains scraps from his secret files—*each one better than an old Steve Reeves movie!*

Come up to the lab—and see what's on the slab! It's a three-course **Rocky Horror** dinner, complete with Meat Loaf. The **Poster Books** are tempting tid-bits from Transylvania, stuffed with backstage gossip and extra helpings of feverish fotos—including TWO 17x22" POSTERS—a MIND-BLOWING 23x34" FOLDOUT that will make freaky Frank followers *shudder*. Both are in full-color at $1.50 (Vol. 1) and $2.50 (Vol. 2). For the main course, there's **The Rocky Horror Scrapbook**, a graveyard gallery of morbid memories and putrid pictures crammed into one monstrous Transylvanian treasure trove. The scandalous **Rocky Horror** story—from stage to screen—is dredged up and re-examined, with a mug-file of color portraits of Frank, Brad, Janet, Riff Raff and the whole crew, plus *features, profiles and interviews*. All for a mere $10.95 in Earthling currency.

He began by using scratchboard (black-inked drawing surface scratched to reveal white lines) on the white uncoated surface. Adding brushwork in black as he needed it, he then fashioned middle tones of gray by working from black to white and white to black on the same drawing.

Eventually, he drew directly on the scratchboard, using an extremely fine instrument—the 290 lithographic pencolnt. He dipped the point in India ink and then allowed only the liquid to touch the drawing surface. The point was than wiped and redipped for each dot in turn.

Dip, touch, wipe. Dip, touch, wipe. Dot after dot after dot. Hundreds. Thousands. One by one.

And from this laborious method came a procession of gorgeous women, angel-winged and gossamer-veiled; light-feathered globules, airborne and free; bizarre creatures, whose ethereal forms floated across landscapes borne out of nightmares. The progeny of this meticulous style stretched over 35 years, in over 2800 separate manifestations of genius. Their function: to graphically complement the imaginative words of H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith,A. Merritt, Henry Kuttner, Robert Bloch, and dozens of other talented writers. And one of the more pleasing results?The artist responsible was ultimately honored as the Dean of Science Fiction Art in 1964.

His name: Virgil Finlay.

Finlay got his start in the pages of **Weird Tales** late in 1935, thanks to the foresightedness of that legendary pulp's editor, Farnsworth Wright. Originally, Wright had his doubts about how well the reproduction of Finlay's fine stipple and cross-hatch technique would turn out. But, after illustrations for Paul Ernst's *Dancing Feet*, C. A. Smith's *Chain of Aforgomon* and Edmond Hamilton's *Great Brain of Kaldar*, and the forthcoming avalanche of kudos-laden fanmail, no doubts remained. Finlay had scored in a big way with his dazzling technique and singular sense of organic design. He was on his way to stardom as the top SF-fantasy illustrator of the late 30s and 40s.

A brief fling at Shakespeare—one of Wright's pet projects—ended in failure, but Wright's edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* nevertheless boasted a stunning 25 specially-commissioned Finlay renderings. This short interruption cost Finlay exposure in 3 consecutive issues of WT, but afterwards, his meteoric rise in popularity continued unabated.

Readers' letter-columns overflowed with ecstatic praise for Finlay's art, often ignoring the stories themselves. He became the darling of H. P. Lovecraft and the envy of Margaret Brundage, who resented Finlay edging her out as primary **WT** cover artist. She had replaced J. Allen St. John and now, the precocious youngster from Rochester was replacing her, commanding top dollar ($100 per cover) in the process. In actuality, the success of this experiment was due to the shrewd editorial moves of Farnsworth Wright, who realized that giving Finlay more work in this form would keep him from jumping too soon to other markets.

In 1937, Finlay moved to New York City to join the staff of the **American Weekly** at the invitation of noted fantasist A. Merritt, who subsequently fired and re-hired Virgil repeatedly, owing more to the oddball fickleness of Merritt than any flaw of Finlay's. A year later, **Weird Tales** moved its operation to NYC. But cover rates had been cut in half. At the insistence of his good friend, Henry Kuttner, Finlay broke into the science fiction pulps with Mort Weisinger's **Thrilling Wonder Stories** providing the initial launchpoint into a new phase of Finlay's career. Opportunities followed with a rush. **Startling Stories, Strange Stories, Famous Fantastic Mysteries** (whose parent firm, Frank A. Munsey Co., was the first to issue Finlay portfolios), **Fantastic Adventures** and **Amazing Stories** all saw increasing contributions by Finlay after Randolph Hearst Sr. had fired him from the **American Weekly**, and Farnsworth Wright had been released as editor of **Weird Tales**. These magazines provided the bulk of Finlay's work, up until the war years, which for him were 1943 to 1946.

After a stint in the Pacific, he returned with a sharpened technique to re-conquer the field anew. Even the **American** had him back. The period 1947 to 1951 was a peak time with the end of the wartime paper shortage, and Finlay was packing in 16-hour days, 7 days a week with no vacations. There was plenty of work for everyone, including Hannes Bok, Frank Paul, and Lawerence S. Stevens, who had developed a stipple technique of his own during Finlay's wartime absence.

But, one by one, many mainstays of the pulp era silently folded as the 50s brought cutbacks, recession, and digest-sized magazines whose rates were abysmally low. **Amazing Stories, Fantastic,** and **Galaxy** rose to fill the vacuum left by the demise of **Thrilling Wonder, Startling, Fantasy Story Magazine** and **Weird Tales,** but none of these were as lucrative as the short-lived **Fantastic Universe Science Fiction** or the astrology magazines which often paid $150 or so for a single piece of work. The face of the competition was changing too, with newcomers like Wally Wood, Ed Emshwiller and Richard Powers introducing the "clean cold machine" look of the 50s. An army of BEM'S and robots tended to drown out the warm, heroic, organic, romantic fantasies of Finlay. Even flings at the comics turned out badly, with the color often muddying out his black-and-white attempts for **Real Fact Comics** and **Mystery in Space.** Finlay closed out the disastrous 50s in a flurry of easel paintings (his first love), selling many of the hundreds he produced to both housecallers and private gallery customers.

Throughout the 60s he continued illustrating for **If, Galaxy, Amazing** and **Fantastic**. But his major source of income remained **Astrology—Your Daily Horoscope** and **Everywoman's Daily Horoscope.** Sales of his easel paintings also continued, and he was honored with five one-man shows, features at various times in places like the NY Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Fogg Museum at Harvard, among others. Three months after he was named the Dean of Science Fiction Art at a Newark, N.J. convention in 1964 (his first and only public appearance), he was asked for a sample drawing for a proposed Houghton Mifflin edition of **The Hobbit**. But Tolkien himself denied Finlay the chance when he deemed his own artwork more suitable for the volume. If not for this, Finlay might have enjoyed an overwhelming renaissance in popularity via major association with the landmark Tolkien works. In spite of this missed opportunity, Finlay remained in the public eye, thanks to the scattered release of various portfolios of his work. Few are still extant, a slim limited edition collection of 31 of his more outstanding plates being one example.

The 70s brought illness, and a year of suffering with multiple forms of cancer. On January 18, 1971, at the age of 56, death brought an end to a long and brilliant career.

During his lifetime, Finlay had his influences just like every other artist. While he never openly professed a particular liking for the work of Gustave Dore, that artist's style consistently surfaced in Finlay's efforts. He also held such varied talents as Aubrey Beardsley, Winsor McKay and Heinrich Kley, among others, in high esteem. Franklin Booth probably impressed Finlay with his engraving style. Above all, he admired the painting and draughtsmanship of Picasso.

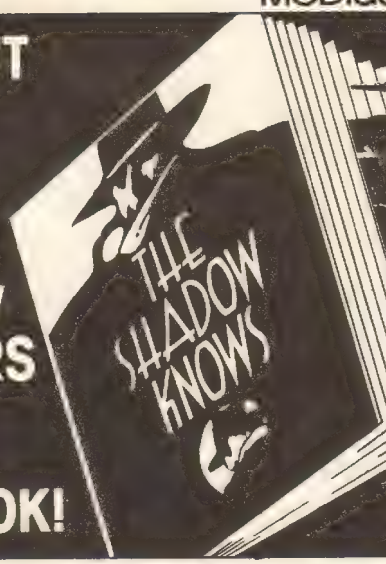
But it does not seem readily apparent who Finlay himself is inspring these days. A conjecturable case can be made for the Frenchman Moebius/Giraud, who dabbles in the various techniques Finlay mastered in his lifetime—especially stipple work and crosshatch—but no other modern counterparts seem visibly extant. Nor is Finlay's masterful stipple technique likely to be much emulated by artists of the present, owing to the overly time-consuming effort each piece requires.

Changing times, conditions, and circumstances may have indeed predestined a pheonomenon such as Finlay to be as rare as Kohoutek's Comet. Nevertheless, the magnitude of his achievement, the overwhelming body of his work, consistently good to excellent in quality, inspires other craftsmen as something totally unique in itself. And that peculiar genius that is Finlay's will, no doubt, continue to etch itself upon the impressionable, perceptive minds of future SF-fantasy art-lovers. Dot by dot by dot...

Fedunlewicz

The illustrations reproduced here are taken from the Virgil Finlay books published by Gerry de la Ree, and are used with his permission.

FROM OUT OF THE PAST... 16 SHADOW THRILLERS IN A GREAT NEW BOOK!



The weed of crime bears bitter fruit... Crime does not pay. The Shadow Knows. That grim warning was followed by the most chilling laugh that ever echoed this side of the River Styx—the laugh of one of the most famous fictional crimefighters in American legend. The Shadow. His fame spread through the pulps, the comics, the movies—but it was his radio adventures that struck lightning into the hearts of the nation's waiting audience. The Shadow's weird radio thrillers are extremely sought after by collectors, and this new volume, **The Shadow Knows**, *features 16 sinister mysteries taken directly from the original scripts.* All that's missing is the organ music as the black-shrouded figure returns to face *Horror in the Night, The Master of Torture, The Heartbeat of Death, Murder in the Sun, The Nightmare Combination, The Tunnel of Terror, The Case of the Vanishing Killer* and nine other spine-chilling adventures. **The Shadow Knows** packs 324 pages of diabolic death-traps, inhuman villains and split-second action beneath its covers. A great collector's item at just $6.50.

AVAILABLE NOW!

FRAZETTA 80

THE ONLY NEW FRANK FRAZETTA COLLECTION TO BE PUBLISHED IN 1979

Here's the newest gallery of paintings for the collector of sword and sorcery art—The 1980 Frazetta Calendar! An explosive year's worth of high fantasy, horror and science fiction is featured in this latest showcase gallery of illustrations by America's foremost fantasy artist. Originally created as covers for the novels of Robert E. Howard and other writers of heroic adventure, these full-color visualizations of demonic monsters, naked warrior women and steel-thewed barbarians have NEVER BEEN COLLECTED BEFORE in a single publication. Spend a year with Frazetta—12 vibrant paintings, a double-sized centerspread poster and cover. Available at $4.95. Frazetta completists: there will be no new edition of The Fantastic Art of Frazetta this year!

NO NEED TO GO INTO ORBIT... STAR·REACH AND IMAGINE ARE NOW IN STOCK!!

What the best the professionals can offer, unhampered by the [illegible]. These two titles provide just that—[illegible] science fiction, humor and fantasy, all [illegible] *never find in overground comics*, all created [illegible] kind of enthusiasm and excitement that only [illegible] undergrounds. All issues are now in stock.

Star*Reach 1 features Starlin, Chaykin, Simonson. **SR 2**—Adams, Starlin, Giordano. **SR3**—Brun[illegible]ha, **SR4**—Chaykin, Vosburg, [illegible] Starlin, Stayton, Brunner. **SR6**—[illegible] Nino, Station. **SR7**—[illegible] Smith. **SR8**—Russell, Day, [illegible] Metter, Day, Gilbert. **SR10**—[illegible] [illegible]burg. **SR11**—Motter, Steacey, [illegible] Gilbert, Zelazny. **SR13**—Lyda [illegible] Metter. **SR14**—Steacy, Motter, Mars. **SR15**—[illegible]ha, Lyda, Mukaide. **SR16**—(Magazine [illegible] Marshall. **Imagine 1** has: [illegible] **Issue 2**—Vosburg, Day, [illegible] **Issue 3**—Letaloha, Russell, [illegible] **Issue 4**—Ditko, Gilbert, Sim. **Issue 5**—(Magazine size) Gould, Kirchner, Gilbert.

Star Trek...again?

Certainly the liveliest TV series ever to be cancelled and revived, **Star Trek** is being reincarnated again, this time at Marvel Comics. The deal was finalized on the morning of June 22, and the team of Marv Wolfman and Dave Cockrum are only waiting for a copy of the shooting script to begin an adaptation of **Star Trek—The Movie** to tie in with the film's projected Christmas release date.

The project has been scheduled to appear in a 50-plus page story in the full-color **Marvel Super Special** magazine, with some extra pages of articles and photos tossed in. There is a remote possibility of expanding the **Star Trek** adaptation over two

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issues, simply because the plot is complex and much of the visual appeal would be enhanced with liberal usage of double-page spreads for at least six key scenes, but the immediate schedule does not call for such a grandiose presentation.

Plans for cloning the tale have already begun—in triplicate. The same material appearing in the **Super Special** will be enlarged for a giant Marvel **Treasury** tabloid volume, shrunk and diced for a color paperback, and divided into thirds to provide the first three issues of the regular monthly **Star Trek** comic book which has moved from Gold Key to Marvel.

Marvel crew boards the Enterprise

Wolfman and Cockrum, and hopefully Joe Sinnott, will continue on the monthly **Trek** comic chores, and promise to be as faithful as possible to the well established legacy of the TV series. To this end, Marv will welcome any truly informative fanzines and scholarly material sent to him care of the Marvel offices for background research, and hopes to check with Roddenberry during the San Diego Comic Convention for the fine distinctions between Romulkan, Vulcan and Klingon ancestry.

Trekkies are advised that religious adherence to the series' hundreds of miniscule nuances will not be Marv's criteria, but rather mere touchstones in tales capturing the "thinking man's science fiction" flavor. The only other problem still to be solved in the series will involve coloring—the TV series made character identification easy by allowing for multi-hued uniforms while the new film has outfitted everyone in neutral beige costumes that tend to look alike. Perhaps Marvel will expand upon the **Star Trek** crew by introducing an irascible, but likable alien

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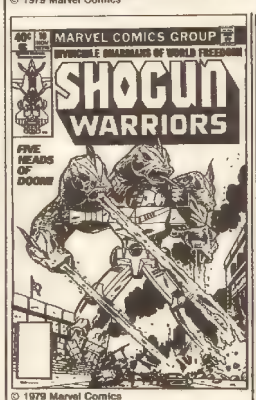

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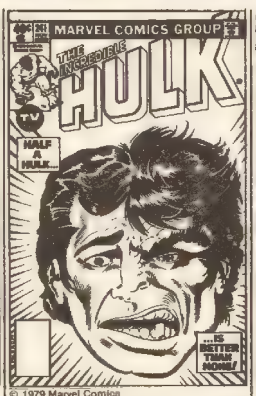

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tailor.

Other new books in the Marvel line-up are potentially as important and interesting as **Star Trek**, but will still require some development before going on sale.

Rom, the Space Knight, will debut in September, as Marvel's contribution to the giant robot craze begun by the Japanese **Shogun Warriors. Rom** is based on a toy being manufactured by Parker Brothers which was not simply licensed, but codeveloped by Marvel. "I really wasn't interested in just picking up another merchandising property," explains Jim Shooter, "as much as I was in creating a brand new character. So we worked *with* Parker's on building a **Rom** legend and mythology which will carry over in the toy's marketing and keep all our ideas consistent with one another." Bill Mantlo will write the **Rom** series, Sal Buscema will pencil and ink, with editing by Shooter and Mary Jo Duffy.

The long-promised return of **Man-Thing** is scheduled for August, but the **Sub-Mariner** is still beached for overhaul and repairs. And for reasons no one can fully explain, other than speculation on the selling power of skulls, Marvel's own Harley from Hell, **Ghost Rider,** steps up to monthly production with issue 39.

Tom Yeates, a former student of Joe Kubert's cartoon school, is working on the **Super-Special** full-color story of the Rolling Stones. Yeates was originally assigned a 12-page back-up feature on the project, but was subsequently offered the entire book based upon his initial pencils.

There is yet another rock book due from Marvel in the near future, but it's a project with a difference. Marvel is creating a comic rock group in cooperation with Casablanca Records, who will see to it that a real group is formed and has songs on the air. The two entertainment mediums will then cross-feed one another money and audiences. No formal arrangements have been made on this idea yet, but early 1980 is the target date at this time.

Marvel in multi-media is becoming a larger consideration in the Cadence scheme of things these days, so that the books will probably become even more rigidly formatted in concept, while TV and movie spin-offs will proliferate, probably ignoring all the established character concepts. There will also be a larger number of preposterous ideas coming, such as the creation of the She-Hulk—a copyright protection move in case a TV scriptwriter should decide to breed an unlicensed spin-off series, by performing a blood transfusion between David Banner and a female character.

Fans may have heard that there is also a **Spider-Man** live-action series being produced in Japan that bears no resemblance to either the American TV

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or comic series, and are probably wondering what's going on. All the answers will be provided in an upcoming issue of **Marvel Premier**, which will take a photo-novel format, and be coordinated by Marv Wolfman.

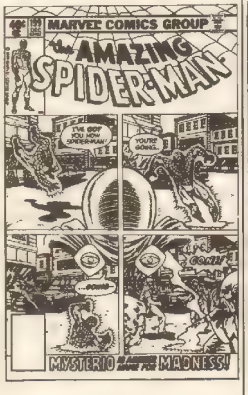
The incentive behind all this is that Marvel has licensed Spider-Man to a Japanese TV company, who turned it into *the* hit weekly series of 1979. The only thing they have retained, however, is the costume. There is no Peter Parker, just a kid with an older sister, a younger brother and father. The Japanese Spider-Man derives his powers from a bracelet given to him by a wizened old man living in the Cave of the Last of the Spider-People. There is a Spidey-car in the series, as well as the inevitable giant Spidey-Robot.

Wolfman is working on a 60-page explanation of all this using film-frame enlargements from the TV series, along with an artwork prologue in which the American Spider-Man visits Nick Fury and SHIELD to see what their agents can tell him about his oriental counterpart. The art and photoformats come together rather simply at this point—Fury just turns on a movie projector and says, "We've been watching this Japanese Spider-Man for some time now, and this is the dossier our agents have assembled."

Marv would like to get this project into full-color, simply because the show is a brilliantly

COMIXSCENE

explosive showcase of dazzling color-effects, but black-and-white is cheaper to produce. Don't look for a sequel, because the Japanese are even more mercenary about their TV series than the Americans. Toys are created and manufactured *first* in Japan, and marketed through commercials for a year or so. Then a TV series is created with a predetermined life-span of 46 to 56 episodes, with concurrent comic book tie-ins. At the end of this two year period, *everything is scrapped,* a new toy manufactured, and the process starts again—all of which explains why Japan has nearly 200 giant robots and an infinite number of sports, samurai and adventure series available for export.



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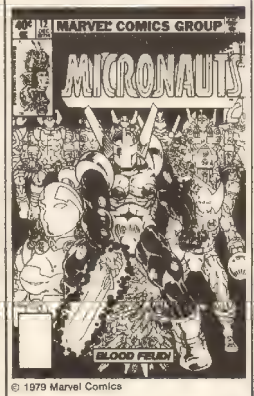
Marvel appears to be learning these lessons well, however, and is taking steps to fill the gap in their merchandising system. Wolfman, Shooter and Sal Buscema have assembled a 12-page **Spider-Man Meets the Hulk** promotional comic that attempts to resolve some of the comic and TV series conflicts, right down to the appearance of David R. B. Banner. Exactly where this book will be used is not determined yet, but there are chances of its turning up in newspapers as an advertising gimmick.

In yet another direction, Wolfman has written an intelligent story for an upcoming coloring book starring Spider-Man—surely a first for this medium. "The crayon crowd usually gets talked down to in the worst way, and always sees some of the least professional art ever created," Marv explains. "I just wanted to give them something better than 'Spidey's suit is red and blue' in the writing, and came up with a story that I like so much I will probably adapt it for the regular monthly comic."

Stan appears to be deeply involved in the Marvel merchandising mania, and has found an apartment in California to facilitate his business in Hollywood, and use as a stopover spot between New York and Japan. The results of Stan's globe-hopping will be turning up in various forms—there are cartoon series currently in the works for **Spider-Woman** and **The Thing,** and live action series or specials for Captain America, The Sub-Mariner and others. Stan is also actively involved in the current production of a full-length **Silver Surfer** movie, acting as technical advisor. The script is being written, and is receiving frequent notation concerning the character's continuity.

Stan's commitment to the Surfer is no secret to comic fans. One example is the recent cancellation of a Surfer paperback novel written by Bill Rotsler—the reason being that Stan was not consulted on the plot, and didn't feel completely



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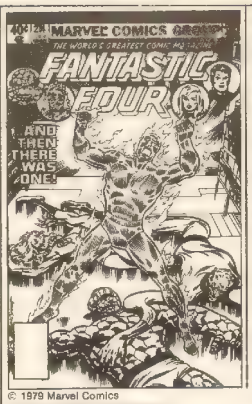
right about the character's handling. Marvel, in support of this decision, is picking up the bill for a novel which will never see print.

Roy Thomas, pursuing his own TV and film career, has recently optioned three TV series ideas to Charles Fries Productions, who also handle the **Spider-Man** show. One of the ideas sold is science-fiction orientated, and the other two are in a fantasy/comedy vein. Roy has also sold a script for a Plastic-Man cartoon (part of the two-hour **Plastic Man Comedy/Adventure Show**), and has even submitted a script for **Three's Company.**



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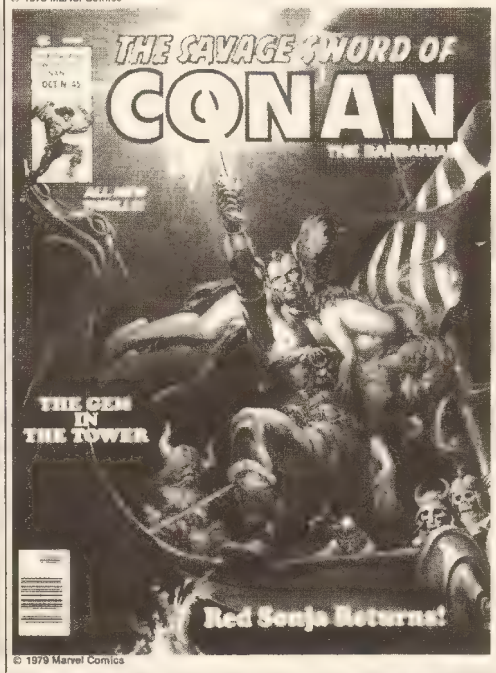
last REH tales from the paperback collection **Conan the Swordsman,** illustrated by Sal Buscema. Issue 46 will fill-in the saga with DeCamp's *Moon of Blood,* and the last black-and-white pure Howard tale will appear in issues 47 and 48, *Treasure of Tranicos.* The initial 30 pages of *Tranicos* are pencilled by Gil Kane, and have been in inventory for several years while awaiting scheduling. The concluding 70 pages of this final adaptation are by John Buscema, who stepped in when Gil begin his **Star Hawks** series.

The last color **Conan** based upon an original Howard tale will be *The Vale of Lost Women.* Then its off to other sources for Conan stories, beginning with



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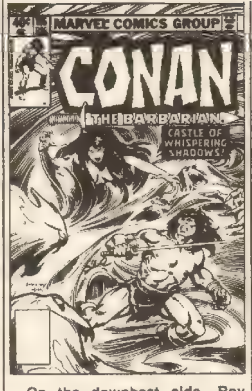
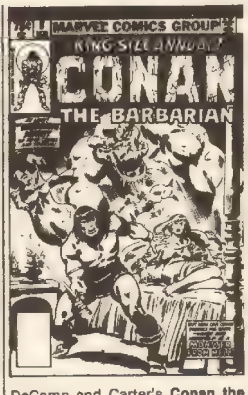


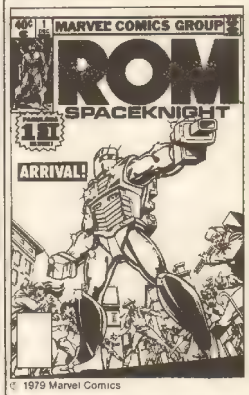


On the downbeat side, Roy has almost exhausted the original Robert E. Howard sword and sorcery yarns in his Conan comics and magazines. **Savage Sword** 44 and 45 will deplete the

DeCamp and Carter's **Conan the Liberator,** which explains how Conan came to be a king. Future plans also call for an adaptation of Andrew Offut's **Conan and the Sorcerer,** and **The Sword of Skelos.** After that, Roy's on his own.

The **Conan Annual** for this year will be a direct follow-up to last year's issue, highlighted by the wedding of everyone's favorite barbarian. The king-sized 60-cent volume will also serve as a dramatic lead-in to the promised **King Conan** comic quarterly, which will debut this fall. In this new companion color series, Conan is 65 years old, with much of the action centered around his 13 year-old son, Conn.

Red Sonja, Roy's Howard-inspired heroine is also in the news as her full-color **Super Special** comes closer to realization. Tony DeZuniga and Dick Giordano are each pencilling and inking separate stories for the



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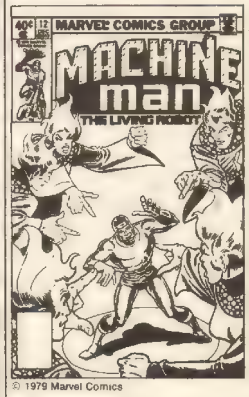

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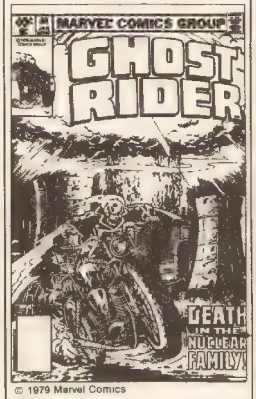
magazine. Soon after, **Red Sonja and the Barbarians** will make its debut as a regular black-and-white magazine which is finally going into production now that a regular artist has been found in the prolific personage of Gil Kane. Gil will attempt to squeeze 30 or so pages of **Sonja** into his schedule every few months, inbetween his more pressing commitments to **Star Hawks** and his newly-acquired **Tarzan** Sunday page. To help keep Kane's work load reasonable, Dick Giordano is drawing Red Sonja's origin for issue 3 (based upon an unpublished pencil job by Howie Chaykin). Back-up barbarian stories will possibly

news/views/reviews from the world of comics

include Solomon Kane in *Wings of the Night*, with art by Dave Wenzel, along with Bran Mac Morn and others.

One final word on Conan—his syndicated comic adventures appear to be holding their own in newspapers throughout the U.S. Sales have skyrocketed in Latin America, however, where the royalty payments undoubtedly amount to a whopping two or three fistfuls of pesos per paper.

In a related mythologic vein, Thor's 79 **Annual** will recount the legendary *War of Troy*, with a heretofore unrecorded appearance by a Norse god in Greek's clothing. This will give readers a taste of Roy's new **Hammer of Thor** quarterly, which will be produced in the 60-cent size, and



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more or less pick up where Stan and Jack left off with the *Tales of Asgard*.

Archie Goodwin is returning to the writing chores of the **Fantastic Four** with issue 219, so that Marv Wolfman can take over the full-time scripting of Marvel's mainline web-crawling titles, **The Amazing Spider-Man** and **The Spectacular Spider-Man**. The primary reason for this move is so that Spidey can enjoy a tighter character continuity and a more cohesive point of view. The **Spectacular** stories will focus primarily on Peter Parker's college days, while **Amazing** will fill in the personal, financial and social gaps. "I also want to put an end to all the monster villains Spider-Man has been facing for a year and a half," Marv reveals. "I feel, and a look at Stan's early stories supports me, that Spider-Man is more of a gimmick series. Monsters are just too powerful and remote to the humanistic reality we're trying to create. Scientifically enhanced humans are at least potentially believable, while slavering green monsters just don't fit in Manhattan. I just want to get the series back to an overall straight track, and concentrate on one or two-part stories, so that the readers can more easily identify with the characters. Those rambling epic tales are tough to keep track of in the long run. They dilute the conflict so much

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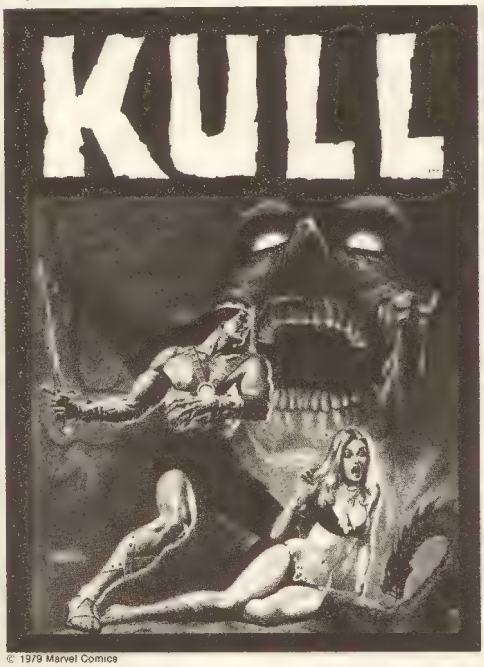

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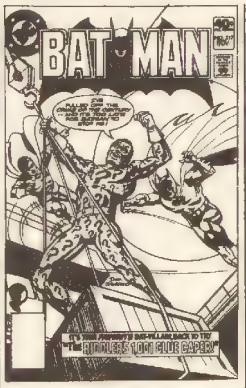

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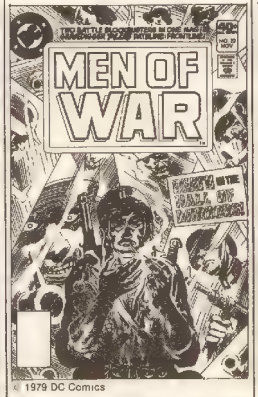
that its easy to bore both the reader and the writer. I know I care about my characters when their conflicts are given a sense of immediacy by being confined within a 17 or 34 page format."

Wolfman's black-and-white **Dracula** has finally been placed on the schedule for August release, but there are already delays rising in the production of subsequent issues. The 14-page *Satana* stories scheduled to back up the book in issues two and three have been quietly pulled, and Gene Colan is rapidly working up supplementary Dracula featurettes to fill the empty pages. Nobody wants to admit exactly why *Satana* is being "postponed for alterations," but at least three sources hinted that the move came soon after Jim Shooter actually *read* one of the stories for the first time.

And finally, Spider-Man's upcoming rematch with Superman has been stalled at the contract negotiations stage and tentatively rescheduled for summer 1980 distribution. Meanwhile, John Buscema is keeping busy with a project intended to follow-up his **Weirdworld** work—a tour-de-



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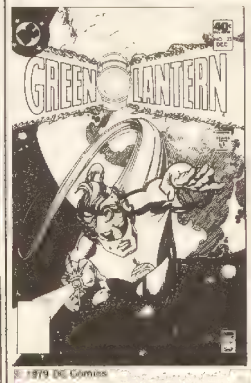

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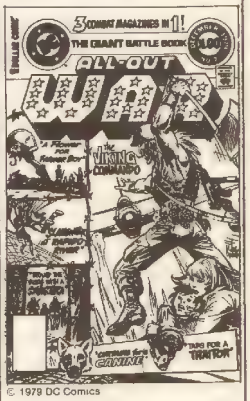
force plotting and pencilling production based upon the legends of King Arthur, titled **Merlin the Magician**. Filled with medieval knights and towering castles, the book shows the promise of presenting a highly energized version of **Prince Valiant** for modern readers. This will be another special presentation package from Marvel, probably in full-color, but is being kept under wraps and unscheduled for the time being. Another Buscema assignment, already completed, is the late-breaking premiere of the She-Hulk, currently rushing through production for a late summer release, presumably to head off any TV contenders for the title of "Best Dressed Green Monster Lady in a Dramatic Performance."

As a sidelight (or sideshow) to all this frenetic activity at Marvel, the people from Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc. have decided to cancel their **Tarzan** and **John Carter** licensing contracts with Marvel, terminating with the issues on sale in July. Their often threatened plans to create their own publishing company as a means of assuring complete control over the characters have apparently arisen again. Unfortunately, the comics medium is on the decline, and distributors simply *do not want* to handle *any* magazine priced under a dollar.

DC Publisher Jenette Kahn



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came out of seclusion recently to announce that a number of new projects were being prepared for the big Christmas gold rush—*not one* of which was a DC comic. Elliot Maggin is preparing another **Superman** novel, Gerry Conway a **Batman** novel, Paul Levitz a **Guide to Collecting**

DC plans non-comix line-up

Comics, Curt Swan and Bob Oksner a **Superman Pop-Up Book**, Ross Andru and Joe Orlando a **Superman Mix and Match Storybook**, E. Nelson Bridwell and Ramona Fradon four **Little Library Superman** books, and an anonymous **Super-Heroes Cookbook** is also on the way.

Otherwise, the big news from DC is that Ross Andru has turned over the majority of his editorial workload to other staffers, retaining only three western series. Ross will devote most of his free time to pencilling, and plans to enter the developmental aspect of comics and special projects by working closely with Managing Editor Joe

COMIXSCENE

Orlando.

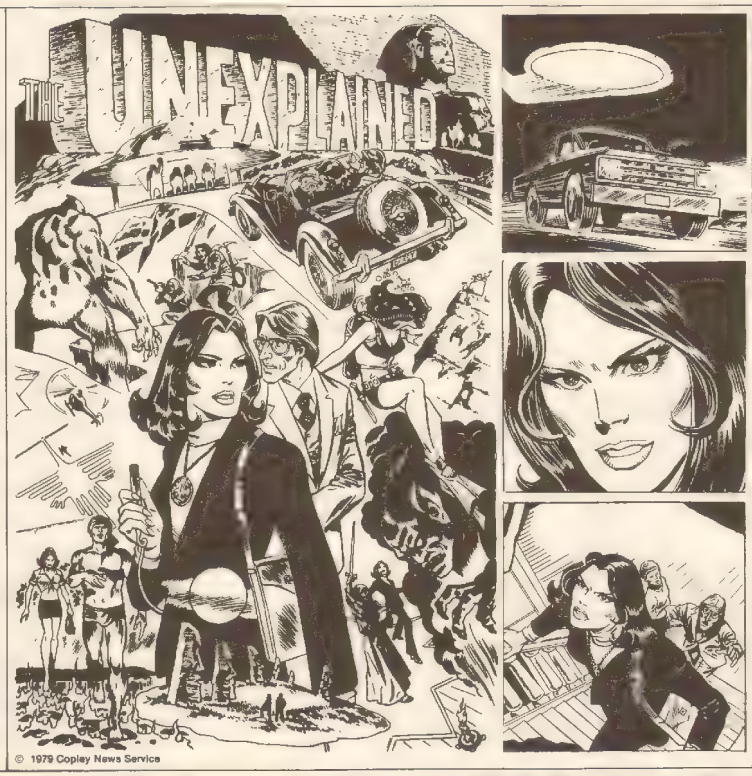
Taking up most of the slack for Andru is Len Wein, who has up till now been primarily a freelance writer for **Superman** and **Batman**. Len will continue to freelance, but now as a full-fledged editor with an office in the Warner Communications Building, overseeing the production of the **Justice League, Flash, Wonder Woman, Adventure** (concurrently demoted to 40-cent size), **House of Mystery, Men of War** and **Weird War**.

Len formally took over July 2, and most of the books will not require the buying of any new material for nearly three months, which neatly coincides with the end of the summer comic convention season.

As of late June, Wein's plans include: the return of Steve Trevor (twice deceased) to **Wonder Woman;** *Plasticman* by Joe Staton and a new version of *Starman* by Steve Ditko for **Adventure;** the return of the dinosaur-ridden *War That Time Forgot* in **Weird War;** the start of a continuing series in **House of Mystery;** and the possibility of new series to rotate with *Gravedigger* in **Men of War.**

In his spare time, Len will continue to script regularly for **Batman,** fill-in occassionally on **Brave and the Bold** and **DC Presents,** and produce all the *Human Targets* he can.

Due to this increase in Wein's workload, Gerry Conway will



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take over the **Superman** series with issue 345. Conway will also be writing a massive **Superman Family** book-length story for issue 200, featuring all the regular stars of the title in a cover to cover free-for-all.

Walt Simonson will be dropping into the DC offices long enought to contribute an 18-page Batman vs. The Joker tale for issue 321. In the companion **Detective Comics and The Batman Family,** the Caped Crusader stars in a mystery thriller with a twist, and Steve Ditko introduces yet another new superhero—The Odd Man.

Green Lantern will return to his old-fashioned space opera format, dropping the socially relevant Green Arrow, with issue 123. Along the way, he will receive a nostalgic boost with a new cover by **GL** vet Gil Kane.

In the syndicated newspaper comic strip arena, Marv Wolfman, Ross Andru and Mike Esposito have sold a daily and Sunday series titled **Unexplained.** It's a combination soap opera/adventure concept, sort of a Mary Perkins: Psychic Detective, created on the observation that a large number of women's gossip magazines trade heavily on UFOs and astrology, and soap opera comic strips appear to be among the most durable through the years.

Wolfman, Andru and Esposito have made a particularly sweet deal in terms of subsidiary right

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to the strip, and the syndicate has made several unprecedented concessions in the ownership and copyright areas. "We had been trying to sell our idea for about a year before the Copley New Service, a western-based syndicate servicing some 1500 papers, finally bought it," said Wolfman.

"It's not really on occult strip, but it *is* based upon researched facts dealing with unexplained phenomena. Our lead character is a woman named Raven Winters, a parapsychologist, who opens her casebook to examine character studies of people caught up in bizarre situations. The first storyline concerns a UFO incident and its physical after-effects on a pregnant woman and her husband.

"We're hoping that comic fans will write their local paper in an effort to promote the strip, and I plan to personally push it at all the conventions throughout the summer."

And finally, as Jack Katz rounds the **First Kingdom** bend with issue 10 safely at the printers and scheduled for July release, a change will be noted in the series, making it somewhat easier to read. From this point on, the captions and dialogue are being typest—a more expensive move, but one likely to enhance the legibility of the series. Such growth, in various stages of production, are

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part of Jack's overall plans for the **First Kingdom**, and there will be more ahead: "Many have asked if I felt I was going to finish the 24 books of the **First Kingdom**. The answer is yes—a universe times yes!

"I lost 14 years in which I didn't work and 17 years that I didn't ink. And, though I'm finding it so hard to catch up with that loss, and my work has certainly shown it, I will keep fighting back. As a young man, I was sorely abused

Katz keeps Kingdoms koming

in the field—like so many others. Not fully realizing my ability, I accepted the decrees of the editors. I, as so many others, lost my way. But I found it at the age of 45. It is so difficult for me, with my imagination, for I have to draw upon unripe acorns to support the oak trees of ideas I have to carry out my vision. So if at times I seem to miss my mark, I simply hope you'll understand. My inking is beginning to show the visual sense of my intelligence. Perhaps in the next few books that vision may be realized."●

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○D	○R	○2L	○3I
○E	○S	○2M	○3J
○F	○T	○2N	○3K
○G	○U	○2O	○3L
○H	○V	○2Q	○3M
○I	○2A	○2S	○3N
○J	○2B	○2V	○3O
○K	○2D	○2W	○3P
○L	○2F	○2X	
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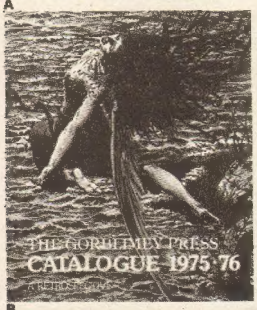

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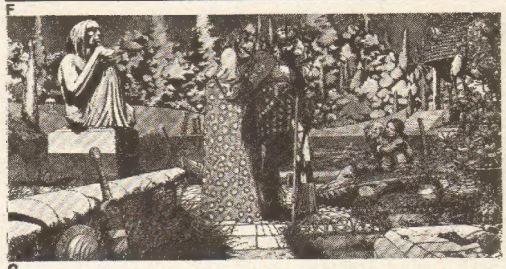
F



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